



No. LXVII.]

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IF IT BE POSSIBLE, AS MUCH AS IN YOU LIES, STUDY TO  
LIVE AT PEACE WITH ALL MEN.

# WAR!!

'O World!

O men! what are ye, and our best designs,  
That we must work by crime to punish crime  
And slay, as if death had but this one gate?  
BYRON

**THE COST OF WAR.**—Give me the money that has been spent in war, and I will purchase every fee of land upon the globe; I will clothe every man, woman, and child in an attire of which kings and queens would be proud; I will build a schoolhouse on every hillside and in every valley over the whole earth; I will build an academy in every town, and endow it; a college in every State, and will fill it with able professors; I will crown every hill with a place of worship consecrated to the promulgation of the gospel of peace; I will support in every pulpit an able teacher of righteousness, so that on every Sabbath morning the chime on one hand should answer the chime on another round the earth's wide circumference, and the voice of prayer and the song of praise should ascend, like a universal holocaust, to heaven.—RICHARD.

## 'WHAT IS MORE TERRIBLE THAN WAR?'

Outraged Nature. She is never tired of killing, till she has taught man the terrible lesson he is so slow to learn: that nature is only conquered by obeying her. . . . Nature is fierce when she is offended, as she is bounteous and kind when she is obeyed. Ah, would to God that some man had the pictorial eloquence to put before the mother of England the mass of preventable suffering which exists in England year after year.—KINGSLY. How much longer must the causes of this startling array of preventable deaths continue unchecked?

*Read Pamphlet entitled 'DUTY' (on Prevention of Disease by Natural Means), given with each Bottle of Eno's 'Vegetable Moto.'*

**AT HOME—My Household God.**

**ABROAD—My Vade Mecum.**

**A GENERAL OFFICER**, writing from Ascut, on Jan. 2, 1886, says: 'Blessings on your "FRUIT SALT!" I trust it is not profane to say so, but in common parlance I swear by it. Here stands the cherished bottle on the chimney-piece of my sanctum, my little idol, at home my household god, abroad my *vade mecum*. Think not this the rhapsody of a hypochondriac; no, it is only the outpouring of a grateful heart. The fact is I am, in common, I daresay, with numerous old fellows of my age (67), now and then troubled with a tiresome liver. No sooner, however, do I use your cheery remedy, than exit Pain—"Richard is himself again." So highly do I value your composition that, when taking it, I grudge even the little sediment that will always remain at the bottom of the glass. I give, therefore, the following advice to those wise persons who have learnt to appreciate its inestimable benefits:—

'When ENO'S SALT betimes you take,  
No waste of this elixir make,  
But drain the dregs, and lick the cup  
Of this the perfect pick-me-up.'

**FEVERS, BLOOD POISONS, &c.**—'EGYPT.—CAIRO.—Since my arrival in Egypt in August last, I have on three separate occasions been attacked by fever, from which on the first occasion I lay in hospital for six weeks. The last two attacks have been, however, completely repulsed in a remarkably short space of time by the use of your valuable "FRUIT SALT," to which I owe my present health at the very least, if not my life itself. Heartfelt gratitude for my restoration and preservation impels me to add my testimony to the already overwhelming store of the same, and in so doing I feel that I am but obeying the dictates of duty.—Believe me to be, Sir, gratefully yours,

'A CORPORAL, 19th Hussars.—May 26, 1883.

'Mr. J. C. Eno.'

**CAUTION.**—Examine each Bottle, and see the Capsule is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without, if you have been imposed on by worthless imitations. Sold by all Chemists.

**IMPORTANT TO ALL.**—They ought to be kept in every house, and every travelling trunk, in readiness for any emergency.

PREPARED ONLY AT ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E.

## THE RULING TASTE.

'**EXPERIENTIA DOCET!** When I feel queer, I stop my beer, and takes ENO'S "VEGETABLE MOTO."—Fen.

**ENO'S 'VEGETABLE MOTO.'** (Stomach or Liver Pill.)—This is as simple and natural in its action as tomato, yet as superior to mineral or vegetable mercury (Podophyllin) as vaseline and glycerine are to the ordinary greasy compounds. It is a pure vegetable extract, simple, natural, and certain hepatic (liver) stimulant, or as a laxative stomachic, blood, brain, nerve, bile, or liver tonic. It will be found everything you could wish for, creating and sustaining a natural action of the stomach, bowels and biliary secretions, &c.

**BILIOUS ATTACKS.**—A Gentleman writes: 'December 27th, 1887.—After twelve months' experience of the value of the "VEGETABLE MOTO," I unhesitatingly recommend their use in preference to any other medicine, more particularly in bilious attacks; their action is so gentle and yet so effective that nothing equals them in my opinion.

**THEY HAVE NEVER FAILED TO GIVE THE WISHED FOR RELIEF.**

I take them at any hour, and frequently in conjunction with a small glass of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT."

'Yours gratefully,—ONE WHO KNOWS.'

**WEST INDIES.**—'To Mr. J. C. ENO.—Please send further supply of your "Vegetable Moto" to the value of P.O. enclosed (eight shillings); the first small parcel came fully up to what is written of them 'St. Kitts, West Indies, 11th October, 1887.'

**ENO'S 'VEGETABLE MOTO,**

Of all Chemists, price 1s. 1½d.; post free, 1s. 2d.

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# LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

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MAY 1888.

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## *Eve.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'JOHN HERRING,' 'MEHALAH,' &C.

### CHAPTER XXXVII.

#### THE PIPE OF PEACE.

BARBARA went to her room. She ran up the stairs: her stateliness was gone when she was out of sight. She bolted her door, threw herself on her knees beside her bed, and buried her face in the counterpane.

'I am so happy!' she said; but her happiness can hardly have been complete, for the bed vibrated under her weight—shook so much that it shook down a bunch of crimson carnations she had stuck under a sacred picture at the head of the bed, and the red flowers fell about her dark hair, and strewed themselves on the counterpane round her head. She did not see them. She did not feel them.

If she had been really and thoroughly happy when at last she rose from her knees, her cheeks would not have shone with tears, nor would her handkerchief have been so wet that she hung it out of her window to dry it, and took another from her drawer.

Then she went to her glass and brushed her hair, which was somewhat ruffled, and she dipped her face in the basin.

After that she was more herself. She unlocked her desk and from it took a small box tied round with red ribbon. Within this box was a shagreen case, and in this case a handsome rosewood pipe, mounted in silver.

This pipe had belonged to her uncle, and it was one of the little items that had come to her. Indeed, in the division of family relics, she had chosen this. Her cousins had teased her, and asked whether it was intended for her future husband. She had made no other reply than that she fancied it, and so she had kept it. When she selected it, she had thought of Jasper. He smoked occasionally. Possibly, she thought she might some day give it him, when he had proved himself to be truly repentant.

Now he was clear from all guilt, she must make him the present—a token of complete reconciliation. She dusted the pretty bowl with her clean pocket-handkerchief, and looked for the lion and head to make sure that the mounting was real silver. Then she took another look at herself in the glass, and came downstairs, carrying the calumet of peace enclosed in its case.

She found Jasper sitting with Eve on the bench where she had left them. They at once made way for her. He rose, and refused to sit till she had taken his place.

‘Mr. Jasper,’ she said, and she had regained entire self-command, ‘this is a proud and happy day for all of us—for you, for Eve, and for me. I have been revolving in my mind how to mark it, and what memorial of it to give to you as a pledge of peace established, misunderstandings done away. I have been turning over my desk as well as my mind, and have found what is suitable. My uncle won this at a shooting-match. He was a first-rate shot.’

‘And the prize,’ said Jasper, ‘has fallen into hands that make very bad shots.’

‘What do you mean? Oh!’ Barbara laughed and coloured. ‘You led me into that mistake about yourself.’

‘This is the bad shot I mean,’ said Jasper: ‘you have brought Miss Eve here to me, and neither does Eve want me, nor do I her.’

Barbara opened her eyes very wide. ‘Have you quarrelled?’ she inquired, turning to see the faces of Jasper and her sister. Both were smiling with a malicious humour.

‘Not at all. We are excellent friends.’

‘You do not love Eve?’

‘I like Eve, I love some one else.’

The colour rushed into Barbara’s face, and then as suddenly deserted it. What did he mean? A sensation of vast happiness overspread her, and then ebbed away. Perhaps he loved some one at Buckfastleigh. She, plain, downright Barbara—what was she

for such a man as Jasper had approved himself? She quickly recovered herself, and said, 'We were talking about the pipe.'

'Quite so,' answered Jasper. 'Let us return to the pipe. You give it me—your uncle's prize pipe?'

'Yes, heartily. I have kept it in my desk unused, as it has been preserved since my uncle's death; but you must use it; and I hope the tobacco will taste nice through it.'

'Miss Jordan,' said Jasper, 'you have shown me such high honour, that I feel bound to honour the gift in a special manner. I can only worthily do so by promising to smoke out of no other pipe so long as this remains entire, and should an accident befall it, to smoke out of no other not replaced by your kind self.'

Eve clapped her hands.

'A rash promise,' said Barbara. 'You are at liberty to recal it. If I were to die, and the pipe were broken, you would be bound to abjure smoking.'

'If you were to die, dear Miss Jordan, I should bury the pipe in your grave, and something far more precious than that.'

'What?'

'Can you ask?' He looked her in the eyes, and again her colour came, deep as the carnations that had strewed her head.

'There, there!' he said, 'we will not talk of graves, and broken pipes, and buried hearts; we will get the pipe to work at once, if the ladies do not object.'

'I will run for the tinder-box,' said Eve, eagerly.

'I have my amadou and steel with me, and tobacco,' Jasper observed; 'and mind, Miss Barbara is to consecrate the pipe for ever by drawing out of it the first whiff of smoke.'

Barbara laughed. She would do that. Her heart was wonderfully light, and clear of clouds as that sweet still evening sky.

The pipe was loaded; Eve ran off to the kitchen to fetch a stick out of the fire with glowing end, because, she said, 'she did not like the smell of the burning amadou.'

Jasper handed the pipe to Barbara, who, with an effort to be demure, took it.

'Are you ready?' asked Jasper, who was whirling the stick, making a fiery ring in the air.

Barbara had put the pipe between her lips, precisely in the middle of her mouth.

'No, that will not do,' said the young man; 'put the pipe in the side of your mouth. Where it is now I cannot light it without burning the tip of your nose.'

Barbara put her little finger into the bowl to assure herself that it was full. Eve was on her knees at her sister's feet, her elbows on her lap, looking up amused and delighted. Barbara kept her neck and back erect, and her chin high in the air. A smile was on her face, but no tremor in her lip. Eve burst into a fit of laughter. 'Oh, Bab, you look so unspeakably droll!' But Barbara did not laugh and let go the pipe. Her hands were down on the bench, one on each side of her. She might have been sitting in a dentist's chair to have a tooth drawn. She was a little afraid of the consequences; nevertheless, she had undertaken to smoke, and smoke she would—one whiff, no more.

'Ready?' asked Jasper.

She could not answer, because her lips grasped the pipe with all the muscular force of which they were capable. She replied by gravely and slowly bowing her head.

'This is our calumet of peace, is it not, Miss Jordan? A lasting peace never to be broken—never?'

She replied again only by a serious bow, head and pipe going down and coming up again.

'Ready?' Jasper brought the red-hot coal in contact with the tobacco in the bowl. The glow kindled Barbara's face. She drew a long, a conscientiously long, breath. Then her brows went up in query.

'Is it alight?' asked Eve, interpreting the question.

'Wait a moment——Yes,' answered Jasper.

Then a long spiral of white smoke, like a jet of steam from a kettle that is boiling, issued from Barbara's lips, and rose in a perfect white ring. Her eyes followed the ring.

At that moment—bang! and again—bang!—the discharge of firearms.

The pipe fell into her lap.

'What is that?' asked Eve, springing to her feet. They all hurried out of the garden, and stood in front of the house, looking up and down the lane.

'Stay here and I will see,' said Jasper. 'There may be poachers near.'

'In pity do not leave us, or I shall die of fear,' cried Eve.

The darkness had deepened. A few stars were visible. Voices were audible, and the tread of men in the lane. Then human figures were visible. It was too dark at first to distinguish who they were, and the suspense was great.

As, however, they drew nearer, Jasper and the girls saw that

the party consisted of Joseph, the warder, and a couple of constables, leading a prisoner.

'We have got him,' said Joseph Woodman; 'the right man at last.'

'Whom have you got?' asked Barbara.

'Whom!—why, the escaped felon, Martin Babb.'

A cry. Eve had fainted.

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## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### TAKEN!

WE must go back in time, something like an hour and a half or two hours, and follow the police and warders after they left Morwell, to understand how it happened that Martin fell into their hands. They had retired sulky and grumbling. They had been brought a long way, the two warders a very long way, for nothing. When they reached the down, one of the warders observed that he was darned if he had not turned his ankle on the rough stones of the lane. The other said he reckoned they had been shabbily treated, and it was not his ankle but his stomach had been turned by a glass of cider sent down into emptiness. Some cold beef and bread was what he wanted. Whereat he was snapped at by the other, who advised him to kill one of the bullocks on the moor and make his meal on that.

'Hearken,' said Joseph; 'brothers, an idea has struck me. We have not captured the man, and so we shan't have the reward.'

'Has it taken you half an hour to discover that?'

'Yes,' answered Joseph, simply. 'Thinking and digesting are much the same. I ain't a caterpillar that can eat and digest at once.'

'I wish I'd had another glass of cider,' said one of the constables; 'but these folk seemed in a mighty haste to get rid of us.'

'There is the "Hare and Hounds" at Goatadon,' said Joseph. 'That is a long bit out of the road,' remonstrated the constable.

'What is time to us police!' answered Joseph. 'It is made to be killed like a flea.'

'And hops away as fast,' said another.

'Let us go back to Tavistock,' said a warder.

'Oh, if you wish it,' answered Joseph; 'only it *do* seem a cruel pity.'

'What is a pity?'

'Why, that you should ha' come so far and not seen the greatest wonder of the world.'

'What may that be?'

'The fat woman,' answered Joseph Woodman. 'The landlady of the "Hare and Hounds." You might as well go to Egypt and not see the Pyramids, or to Rome and not see the Pope, or to London and not see the Tower.'

'I don't make any account of fat women,' said the warder who had turned his ankle.

'But this,' argued Joseph, 'is a regular marvel. She's the fattest woman out of a caravan—I believe the fattest in England; I dare say the very fattest in the known world. What there be in the stars I can't say.'

'Now,' said the warder who had turned his stomach, 'what do *you* call fat?' He was in a captious mood.

'What do I call fat?' repeated Joseph; 'why, that woman. Brother, if you and I were to stretch our arms at the farthest, taking hold of each other with one hand, we couldn't compass her and take hold with the other.'

'I don't believe it,' said the warder, emphatically.

'Taint possible a mortal could be so big,' said the other warder.

'I swear it,' said Joseph, with great earnestness.

'There is never a woman in the world,' said the warder with the bad ankle, 'whose waist I couldn't encircle, and I've tried lots.'

'But I tell you this woman is out of the common altogether.'

'Have you ever tried?' sneered the warder with the bad stomach.

'No, but I've measured her with my eye.'

'The eye is easy deceived as to distances and dimensions. Why, Lord bless you! I've seen in a fog a sheep on the moor look as big as a hippopotamus.'

'But the landlady is not on the moor nor in a fog,' persisted Joseph. 'I bet you half-a-guinea, laid out in drink, that 'tis as I say.'

'Done!' said both warders. 'Done!' said the constables, and turning to their right, they went off to the 'Hare and



Hounds,' two miles out of their way, to see the fat woman and test her dimensions.

Now this change in the destination of the party led to the capture of Martin, and to the wounding of the warder who complained of his stomach.

The party reached the little tavern—a poor country inn built where roads crossed—a wretched house, tarred over its stone face as protection against the driving rains. They entered, and the hostess cheerfully consented to having her girth tested. She was accustomed to it. Her fatness was part of her stock-in-trade: it drew customers to the 'Hare and Hounds' who otherwise would have gone on to Beer Alston, where was a pretty and pert maid.

Whilst the officers were refreshing themselves, and one warder had removed his boot to examine his ankle, the door of the room where they sat was opened, and Martin came in, followed by Watt. His eyes were dazzled, as the room was strongly lighted, and he did not at first observe who were eating and drinking there. It was in this lonely inn that he and Walter were staying and believed themselves quite safe. A few miners were the only persons they met there.

As Martin stood in the doorway looking at the party, whilst his eyes accustomed themselves to the light, one of the warders started up. 'That is he! Take him! Our man!'

Instantly all sprang to their feet except Joseph, who was leisurely in all his movements, and the warder with bare foot, without considering fully what he did, threw his boot at Martin's head.

Martin turned at once and ran, and the men dashed out of the inn after him, both warders catching up their guns, and he who was bootless running, forgetful of his ankle, with bare foot.

The night was light enough for Martin to be seen, with the boy running beside him, across the moor. The fires were still flickering and glowing; the gorse had been burnt, and so no bushes could be utilised as a screen. His only chance of escape was to reach the woods, and he ran for Morwell.

But Martin, knowing that there were firearms among his pursuers, dared not run in a direct line; he swerved from side to side, and dodged, to make it difficult for them to take aim. This gave great facilities to the warder who had both boots on, and who was a wiry, long-legged fellow, to gain on Martin.

'Halt!' shouted he, 'halt, or I fire!'

Then Martin turned abruptly and discharged a pistol at him.

The man staggered, but before he fell he fired at Martin, but missed.

Almost immediately Martin saw some black figures in front of him, and stood, hesitating what to do. The figures were those of boys who were spreading the fires among the furze bushes, but he thought that his course was intercepted by his pursuers. Before he had decided where to run he was surrounded and disarmed.

The warder was so seriously hurt that he was at once placed on a gate and carried on the shoulders of four of the constables to Beer Alston, to be examined by Mr. Coyshe and the ball extracted. This left only three to guard the prisoner, one of whom was the warder who had sprained his ankle, and had been running with that foot bare, and who was now not in a condition to go much farther.

'There is nothing for it,' said Joseph, who was highly elated, 'but for us to go on to Morwell. We must lock the chap up there. In that old house there are scores of strong places where the monks were imprisoned. To-morrow we can take him to Tavistock.' Joseph did not say that Jane Welsh was at Morwell; this consideration, doubtless, had something to do with determining the arrangement. On reaching Morwell, which they did almost at once, for Martin had been captured on the down near the entrance to the lane, the first inquiry was for a safe place where the prisoner might be bestowed.

Jane, hearing the noise, and, above all, the loved voice of Joseph, ran out.

'Jane,' said the policeman, 'where can we lock the rascal up for the night?'

She considered for a moment, and then suggested the corn-chamber. That was over the cellar, the walls lined with slate, and the floor also of slate. It had a stout oak door studded with nails, and access was had to it from the quadrangle, up a flight of stone steps. There was no window to it. 'I'll go ask Miss Barbara for the key,' she said. 'There is nothing in it now but some old onions. But'—she paused—'if he be locked up there all night, he'll smell awful of onions in the morning.'

Reassured that this was of no importance, Jane went to her mistress for the key. Barbara came out and listened to the arrangement, to which she gave her consent, coldly. The warder could now only limp. She was shocked to hear of the other having been shot.

A lack of hospitality had been shown when the constables and

warders came first, through inadvertence, not intentionally. Now that they desired to remain the night at Morwell and guard there the prisoner, Barbara gave orders that they should be made comfortable in the hall. One would have to keep guard outside the door where Martin was confined, the other two would spend the night in the hall, the window of which commanded the court and the stairs that led to the corn-chamber. 'I won't have the men in the kitchen,' said Barbara, 'or the maids will lose their heads and nothing will be done.' Besides, the kitchen was out of the way of the corn-chamber.

'We shall want the key of the corn-store,' said Joseph, 'if we may have it, miss.'

'Why not stow the fellow in the cellar?' asked a constable.

'For two reasons,' answered Joseph. 'First, because he would drink the cider; and second, because—no offence meant, miss—we hope that the maids'll be going to and fro to the cellar with the pitcher pretty often.'

Joseph was courting the maid of the house, and therefore thought it well to hint to Barbara what was expected of the house to show that it was free and open.

The corn-room was unlocked, a light obtained, and it was thoroughly explored. It was floored with large slabs of slate, and the walls were lined six feet high with slate, as a protection against rats and mice. Joseph prodded the walls above that. All sound, not a window. He examined the door: it was of two-inch oak plank, and the hinges of stout iron. In the corner of the room was a heap of onions that had not been used the preceding winter. A bundle of straw was procured and thrown down.

'Lie there, you dog, you murderous dog!' said one of the men, casting Martin from him. 'Move at your peril!'

'Ah!' said the lame warder, 'I only wish you would make another attempt to escape that I might give you a leaden breakfast.' He limped badly. In running he had cut his bare foot and it bled, and he had trodden on the prickles of the gorse, which had made it very painful.

'There's a heap of onions for your pillow,' said Joseph. 'Folks say they are mighty helpful to sleep,'—this was spoken satirically; then with a moral air—'But, sure enough, there's no sleeping, even on an onion pillow, without a good conscience.'

As the men were to spend the night without sleep—one out of doors, to be relieved guard by the other, the lame warder alone

excused the duty, as he was unable to walk—Barbara ordered a fire to be lighted in the great hall. The nights were not cold, but damp; the sky was clear, and the dew fell heavily. It would, moreover, be cheerful for the men to sit over a wood fire through the long night, and take naps by it if they so liked. Supper was produced and laid on the oak table by Jane, who ogled Joseph every time she entered and left the hall.

She placed a jug on the table. Joseph went after her.

‘You are a dear maid,’ he said, ‘but one jug don’t go far. You must mind the character of the house and maintain it. I see cold mutton. It is good, but chops are better. This ain’t an inn. It’s a gentleman’s house. I see cheese. Ain’t there anywhere a tart and cream? Mr. Jordan is not a farmer: he’s a squire. I’d not have it said of me I was courting a young person in an inferior situation.’

The fire was made up with a faggot. It blazed merrily. Joseph sat before it with his legs outspread, smiling at the flames; he had his hands on his knees. After having run hard and got hot he felt chilled, and the fire was grateful. Moreover, his hint had been taken. Two jugs stood on the table, and hot chops and potatoes had been served. He had eaten well, he had drunk well. All at once he laughed.

‘What is the joke, Joe?’

‘I’ve an idea, brother. If t’other warder dies I shall not have to pay the half-guinea because I lost my bet. He was so confounded long in the arm. That will be prime! And—we shall share the reward without him! Beautiful!’

‘Umph! Has it taken you all this time to find that out? I saw it the moment the shot struck. That’s why I ran on with a bad foot.’

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## CHAPTER XXXIX.

### GONE!

NEITHER Jasper, Barbara, nor Eve appeared. Mr. Jordan was excited, and had to be told what had taken place, and this had to be done by Jasper. Barbara was with her sister. Eve had recovered, and had confessed everything. Now all was clear to the eyes of Barbara. The meeting on the Raven Rock had been the one inexplicable point, and now that was explained. Eve hid

nothing from her sister; she told her about the first meeting with Martin, his taking the ring, then about the giving of the turquoise ring, finally about the meeting on the Rock. The story was disquieting. Eve had been very foolish. The only satisfaction to Barbara was the thought that the cause of uneasiness was removed, and about to be put beyond the power of doing further mischief. Eve would never see Martin again. She had seen so little of him that he could have produced on her heart but a light and transient impression. The romance of the affair had been the main charm with Eve.

When Jasper left the squire's room, after a scene that had been painful, Barbara came to him and said, 'I know everything now. Eve met your brother Martin on the Raven Rock. He has been trying to win her affections. In this also you have been wrongly accused by me.' Then with a faint laugh, but with a timid entreating look, 'I can do no more than confess now, I have such a heavy burden of amends to make.'

'Will it be a burden, Barbara?'

She put her hand lightly on his arm.

'No, Jasper—a delight.'

He stooped and kissed her hand. Little or nothing had passed between them, yet they understood each other.

'Hist! for shame!' said a sharp voice through the garden window. She looked and saw the queer face of Watt.

'That is too cruel, Jasp—love-making when our poor Martin is in danger! I did not expect it of you.'

Barbara was confused. The boy's face could ill be discerned, as there was no candle in the room, and all the light, such as there was—a silvery summer twilight—flowed in at the window, and was intercepted by his head.

'Selfish Jasp! and you, miss—if you are going to enter the family, you should begin to consider other members than Jasper,' continued the boy. All his usual mockery was gone from his voice, which expressed alarm and anxiety. 'There lies poor Martin in a stone box, on a little straw, without a mouthful, and his keepers are given what they like!'

'Oh, Jasper!' said Barbara, with a start, 'I am so ashamed of myself. I forgot to provide for him.'

'You have not considered, I presume, what will become of poor Martin. In self-defence he shot at a warder, and whether he wounded or killed him I cannot say. Poor Martin! Seven years will be spread into fourteen, perhaps twenty-one. What

will he be when he comes out of prison! What shall I do all these years without him!

'Walter,' said Jasper, going to the window, and speaking in a subdued voice, 'what can be done? I am sorry enough for him, but I can do nothing.'

'Oh, you will not try.'

'Tell me, what can I do?'

'There! let *her*,' he pointed to Barbara, 'let her come over here and speak with me. Everything now depends on her.'

'On me!' exclaimed Barbara.

'Ah, on you. But do not shout. I can hear if you whisper. Miss, that poor fellow in the stone box is Jasper's brother. If you care at all for Jasper, you will not interfere. I do not ask you to move a finger to help Martin: I ask you only not to stand in others' way.'

'What do you mean?'

'Go into the hall, you and Jasper, instead of standing sighing and billing here. Allow me to be there also. There are two more men arrived—two of those who carried the winged snipe away. That makes four inside and one outside; but one is lamed and without his boot. Feed them all well. Don't spare cider; and give them spirits-and-water. Help to amuse them.'

'For what end?'

'That is no concern of yours. For what end! Hospitality, the most ancient of virtues. Above all, do not interfere with the other one.'

'What other one?'

'You know—Miss Eve,' whispered the boy. 'Let the maidens in, the housemaid certainly; she has a sweetheart among them, and the others will make pickings.'

Then, without waiting for an answer, the queer boy ran along the gravel path and leaped the dwarf wall into the stable-yard, which lay at a lower level.

'What does he mean?' asked Barbara.

'He means,' said Jasper, 'that he is going to make an attempt to get poor Martin off.'

'But how can he?'

'That I do not know.'

'And whether we ought to assist in such a venture I do not know,' said Barbara, thoughtfully.

'Nor do I,' said Jasper; 'my heart says one thing, my head the other.'



'We will follow our hearts,' said Barbara vehemently, and caught his hands and pressed them. 'Jasper, he is your brother; with me that is a chief consideration. Come into the hall; we will give the men some music.'

Jasper and Barbara went to the hall, and found that the warder had his foot bandaged in a chair, and seemed to be in great pain. He was swearing at the constables who had come from Beer Alston for not having called at the 'Hare and Hounds' on their way for his boot. He tried to induce one of them to go back for it; but the sight of the fire, the jugs of cider, the plates heaped with cake, made them unwilling again to leave the house.

'We ain't a-going without our supper,' was their retort. 'You are comfortable enough here, with plenty to eat and to drink.'

'But,' complained the man, 'I can't go for my boot myself, don't you see?' But see they would not. Jane had forgotten all her duties about the house in the excitement of having her Joseph there. She had stolen into the hall, and got her policeman into a corner.

'When is it your turn to keep guard, Joe?' she asked.

'Not for another hour,' he replied. 'I wish I hadn't to go out at all.'

'Oh, Joe, I'll go and keep guard with you!'

Also the cook stole in with a bowl and a sponge, and a strong savour of vinegar. She had come to bathe the warder's foot, unsolicited, moved only by a desire to do good, doubtless. Also the under-housemaid's beady eyes were visible at the door looking in to see if more fuel were required for the fire.

Clearly, there was no need for Barbara to summon her maids. As a dead camel in the desert attracts all the vultures within a hundred miles, so the presence of these men in the hall drew to them all the young women in the house.

When they saw their mistress enter, they exhibited some hesitation. Barbara, however, gave them a nod, and more was not needed to encourage them to stay.

'Jane,' said Barbara, 'here is the key. Fetch a couple of bottles of Jamaica rum, or one of rum and one of brandy. Patience,' to the under-housemaid, 'bring hot water, sugar, tumblers, and spoons.'

A thrill of delight passed through the hearts of the men, and their eyes sparkled.

Then in at the door came the boy with his violin, fiddling, capering, dancing, making faces. In a moment he sprang on the table, seated himself, and began to play some of the pretty 'Don Giovanni' dance music.

He signed to Barbara with his bow, and pointed to the piano in the parlour, the door of which was open. She understood him and went in, lit the candles, and took a 'Don Giovanni' which her sister had bought, and practised with Jasper. Then he signed to his brother, and Jasper also took down his violin, tuned it, and began to play.

'Let us bring the piano into the hall,' said Barbara, and the men started to fulfil her wish. Four of them conveyed it from the parlour. At the same time the rum and hot water appeared, the spoons clinked in the glasses. Patience, the under-housemaid, threw a faggot on the fire.

'What is that?' exclaimed the lame warder, pointing through the window.

It was only the guard, who had extended his march to the hall and put his face to the glass to look in at the brew of rum-and-water, and the comfortable party about the fire. 'Go back on your beat, you scoundrel!' shouted the warder, menacing the constable with his fist. Then the face disappeared; but every time the sentinel reached the hall window, he applied his nose to the pane and stared in thirstily at the grog that steamed and ran down the throats of his comrades, and cursed the duty that kept him without in the falling dew. His appearance at intervals at the glass, where the fire and candlelight illumined his face, was like that of a fish rising to the surface of a pond to breathe.

'Is your time come yet outside, Joe dear?' whispered Jane.

'Hope not,' growled Joseph, helping himself freely to rum; putting his hand round the tumbler, so that none might observe how high the spirit stood in the glass before he added the water.

'Oh, Joe duckie, don't say that. I'll go and keep you company on the stone steps: we'll sit there in the moonlight all alone, as sweet as anything.'

'You couldn't ekal this grog,' answered the unromantic Joseph, 'if you was ever so sweet. I've put in four lumps of double-refined.'

'You've a sweet tooth, Joe,' said Jane.

'Shall I bathe your poor suffering foot again?' asked the cook, casting languishing eyes at the warder.

'By-and-by when the liquor is exhausted,' answered the warder.

'Would you like a little more hot water to the spirit?' said Patience, who was setting—as it is termed in dance phraseology—at the youngest of the constables.

'No, miss, but I'd trouble you for a little more spirit,' he answered, 'to qualify the hot water.'

Then the scullery-maid, who had also found her way in, blocked the other constable in the corner, and offered to sugar his rum. He was a married man, middle-aged, and with a huge disfiguring mole on his nose; but there was no one else for the damsel to ogle and address, so she fixed upon him.

All at once, whilst this by-play was going on, under cover of the music, the door from the staircase opened, and in sprang Eve, with her tambourine, dressed in the red-and-yellow costume she had found in the garret, and wearing her burnished necklace of bezants. Barbara withdrew her hands from the piano in dismay, and flushed with shame.

'Eve!' she exclaimed, 'go back! How can you!' But the boy from the table beckoned again to her, pointing to the piano, and her fingers; Eve skipped up to her and whispered, 'Let me alone, for Jasper's sake,' then bounded into the middle of the hall, and rattled her tambourine and clinked its jingles.

The men applauded, and tossed off their rum-and-water; then, having finished the rum, mixed themselves eagerly hot jorums of brandy.

The face was at the window, with the nose flat and white against the glass, like a dab of putty.

Barbara's forehead darkened, and she drew her lips together. Her conscience was not satisfied. She suspected that this behaviour of Eve was what Walter had alluded to when he begged her not to interfere. Walter had seen Eve and planned it with her. Was she right, Barbara asked herself, in doing what she was to help a criminal to escape?

The money he had taken was theirs—Eve's; and if Eve chose to forgive him and release him from his punishment, why should she object? Martin was the brother of Jasper, and for Jasper's sake she must go on with what she had begun.

So she put her fingers on the keys again, and at once Watt and Jasper resumed their instruments. They played the music in 'Don Giovanni,' in the last act, where the banquet is interrupted by the arrival of the statue. Barbara knew that Eve was dancing alone in the middle of the floor before these men, before him also who ought to be pacing up and down in front of the corn-chamber;

but she would not turn her head over her shoulder to look at her, and her brow burnt, and her cheeks, usually pale, flamed. As for Eve, she was supremely happy; the applause of the lookers-on encouraged her. Her movements were graceful, her beauty radiant. She looked like Zerlina on the boards.

Suddenly the boy dropped his bow, and before any one could arrest his hand, or indeed had a suspicion of mischief, he threw a canister of gunpowder into the blazing fire. Instantly there was an explosion. The logs were flung about the floor, Eve and the maids screamed, the piano and violins were hushed, doors were burst open, panes of glass broken and fell clinking, and every candle was extinguished. Fortunately the hall floor was of slate.

The men were the first to recover themselves—all, that is, but the warder, who shrieked and swore because a red-hot cinder had alighted on his bad foot.

The logs were thrust together again upon the hearth, and a flame sprang up.

No one was hurt, but in the doorway, white, with wild eyes, stood Mr. Jordan, signing with his hand, but unable to speak.

‘Oh, papa! dear papa!’ exclaimed Barbara, running to him, ‘do go back to bed. No one is hurt. We have had a fright, that is all.’

‘Fools!’ cried the old man, brandishing his stick. ‘He is gone! I saw him—he ran past my window.’

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## CHAPTER XL.

### ANOTHER SACRIFICE.

WATT was no longer in the hall. Whither he had gone none knew; how he had gone none knew. The man in the quadrangle was too alarmed by the glass panes being blown out in his face, to see whether the boy had passed that way. But, indeed, no one now gave thought to Watt; the men ran to the corn-chamber to examine it. A lantern was lighted, the door examined and found to be locked. It was unfastened, and Joseph and the rest entered. The light penetrated every corner, fell on the straw and the onion-heap. Martin Babb was not there.

‘May I be darned!’ exclaimed Joseph, holding the lantern over his head. ‘I looked at the walls, at the floor, at the door: I never thought of the roof, and it is by the roof he has got away.’

Indeed, the corn-chamber was unceiled. Martin, possibly assisted, had reached the rafters, thence had crept along the roof in the attics, and had entered the room that belonged to the girls, and descended from the window by the old Jargonelle pear.

Then the constables and Joseph turned on the sentinel, and heaped abuse upon him for not having warned them of what was going on. It was in vain for him to protest that from the outside he could not detect what was in process of execution under the roof. Blame must attach to some one, and he was one against four.

Their tempers were not the more placable when it was seen that the bottle of brandy had been upset and was empty, the precious spirit having expended itself on the floor.

Then the question was mooted whether the fugitive should not be pursued at once, but the production by Barbara of another bottle of rum decided them not to do so, but await the arrival of morning. Suddenly it occurred to Joseph that the blame attached, not to any of those present, who had done their utmost, but to the warder who had been shot, and so had detached two of their number, and had reduced the body so considerably by this fatality as to incapacitate them from drawing a cordon round the house and watching it from every side. If that warder were to die, then the whole blame might be shovelled upon him along with the earth into his grave.

The search was recommenced next day, but was ineffectual. In which direction Martin had gone could not be found. Absolutely no traces of him could be discovered.

Presently Mr. Coyshe arrived, in a state of great excitement. He had attended the wounded man, and had heard an account of the capture; on his way to Morwell the rumour reached him that the man had broken away again. Mr. Coyshe had, as he put it, an inquiring mind. He thirsted for knowledge, whether of scientific or of social interest. Indeed, he took a lively interest in other people's affairs. So he came on foot, as hard as he could walk, to Morwell, to learn all particulars, and at the same time pay a professional visit to Mr. Jordan.

Barbara at once asked Mr. Coyshe into the parlour; she wanted to have a word with him before he saw her father.

Barbara was very uneasy about Eve, whose frivolity, lack of ballast, and want—as she feared—of proper self-respect might lead her into mischief. How could her sister have been so foolish as to dress up and dance last evening before a parcel of common

constables! To Barbara such conduct was inconceivable. She herself was dignified and stiff with her inferiors, and would as soon have thought of acting before them as Eve had done as of jumping over the moon. She did not consider how her own love and that of her father had fostered caprice and vanity in the young girl till she craved for notice and admiration. Barbara thought over all that Eve had told her: how she had lost her mother's ring, how she had received the ring of turquoise, how she had met Martin on the Rock platform. Every incident proclaimed to her mind the instability, the lack of self-respect, in her sister. The girl needed to be watched and put into firmer hands. She and her father had spoiled her. Now that the mischief was done she saw it.

What better step could be taken to rectify the mistake than that of bringing Mr. Coyshe to an engagement with Eve?

She was a straightforward, even blunt, girl, and when she had an aim in view went to her work at once. So, without beating about the bush, she said to the young doctor—

‘Mr. Coyshe, you did me the honour the other day of confiding to me your attachment to Eve. I have been considering it, and I want to know whether you intend at once to speak to her. I told my father your wishes, and he is, I believe, not indisposed to forward them.’

‘I am delighted to hear it,’ said the surgeon; ‘I would like above everything to have the matter settled, but Miss Eve never gives me a chance of speaking to her alone.’

‘She is shy,’ said Barbara; then, thinking that this was not exactly true, she corrected herself; ‘that is to say—she, as a young girl, shrinks from what she expects is coming from you. Can you wonder?’

‘I don’t see it. I’m not an ogre.’

‘Girls have feelings which, perhaps, men cannot comprehend,’ said Barbara.

‘I do not wish to be precipitate,’ observed the young surgeon. ‘I’ll take a chair, please, and then I can explain to you fully my circumstances and my difficulties.’ He suited his action to his word, and graciously signed to Barbara to sit on the sofa near his chair. Then he put his hat between his feet, calmly took off his gloves and threw them into his hat.

‘I hate precipitation,’ said Mr. Coyshe. ‘Let us thoroughly understand each other. I am a poor man. Excuse me, Miss Jordan, if I talk in a practical manner. You are long and clear



headed; so—but I need not tell you that—so am I. We can comprehend each other, and for a moment lay aside that veil of romance and poetry which invests an engagement.’

Barbara bowed.

‘An atmosphere surrounds a matrimonial alliance; let us puff it away for a moment and look at the bare facts. Seen from a poetic standpoint, marriage is the union of two loving hearts, the rapture of two souls discovering each other. From the sober ground of common sense it means two loaves of bread a day instead of one, a milliner’s bill at the end of the year in addition to that of the tailor, two tons of coals where one had sufficed. I need not tell you, being a prudent person, that when I am out for the day my fire is not lighted. If I had a wife, of course a fire would have to burn all day. I may almost say that matrimony means three tons of coal instead of one, and *you* know how costly coals come here.’

‘But, Mr. Coyshe—’

‘Excuse me,’ he said, ‘I may be plain, but I am truthful. I am putting matters before you in the way in which I am forced to view them myself. When an ordinary individual looks on a beautiful woman he sees only her beauty. I see more; I anatomise her mentally, and follow the bones, and nerves, and veins, and muscles. So with this lovely matrimonial prospect. I see its charms, but I see also what lies beneath, the anatomy, so to speak, and that means increased coal, butcher’s, baker’s bills, three times the washing, additional milliners’ accounts.’

‘You know, Mr. Coyshe,’ said Barbara, a little startled at the way he put matters, ‘you know that eventually Morwell comes to Eve.’

‘My dear Miss Jordan, if a man walks in stocking soles, expecting his father-in-law’s shoes, he is likely to go limpingly. How am I to live so long as Mr. Jordan lives? I know I should flourish after his death—but in the mean time—there is the rub. I’d marry Eve to-morrow but for the expense.’

‘Is there not something sordid—’ began Barbara.

‘I will not allow you to finish a sentence, Miss Jordan, which your good sense will reproach you for uttering. I saw at a fair a booth, with, outside, a picture of a mermaid combing her golden hair, and with the face of an angel. I paid twopence and went inside, to behold a seal flopping in a tub of dirty water. All the great events of life—birth, marriage, death—are idealised by poets, as that disgusting seal was idealised on the canvas by the artist:

horrible things in themselves, but inevitable, and therefore to be faced as well as we may. I need not have gone in and seen that seal, but I was deluded to do so by the ideal picture.'

'Surely,' exclaimed Barbara, laughing, 'you put marriage in a false light?'

'Not a bit. In almost every case it is as is described, a delusion and a horrible disenchantment. It shall not be so with me, so I picture it in all its real features. If you do not understand me the fault lies with you. Even the blessed sun cannot illumine a room when the panes of the window are dull. I am a poor man, and a poor man must look at matters from what you are pleased to speak of as a sordid point of view. There are plants I have seen suspended in windows said to live on air. They are all pendulous. Now I am not disposed to become a drooping plant. Live on air I cannot. There is enough earth in my pot for my own roots, but for my own alone.'

'I see,' said Barbara, laughing, but a little irritated. 'You are ready enough to marry, but have not the means on which to marry.'

'Exactly,' answered Mr. Coyshe. 'I have a magnificent future before me, but I am like a man swimming, who sees the land, but does not touch as much as would blacken his nails. Lord bless you!' said Mr. Coyshe, 'I support a wife on what I get at Beer Alston! Lord bless me!' he stood up and sat down again, 'you might as well expect a cock to lay eggs.'

Barbara bit her lips. 'I should not have thought you so practical,' she said.

'I am forced to be so. It is the fate of poor men to have to count their coppers. Then there is another matter. If I were married, well, of course, it is possible that I might be the founder of a happy family. In the South Sea Islands the natives send their parents periodically up trees and then shake the trunks. If the old people hold on they are reprieved, if they fall they are eaten. We eat our parents in England also, and don't wait till they are old and leathery. We begin with them when we are babes, and never leave off till nothing is left of them to devour. We feed on their energies, consume their substance, their time, their brains, their hearts, piecemeal.'

'Well!'

'Well,' repeated Mr. Coyshe, 'if I am to be eaten I must have flesh on my bones for the coming Coyshes to eat.'

'You need not be alarmed as to the prospect,' said Barbara,

gravely. 'I have been left a few hundred pounds by my aunt; they bring in about fifty pounds a year. I will make it over to my sister.'

'You see for yourself,' said Mr. Coyshe, 'that Eve is not a young lady who can be made into a sort of housekeeper. She is too dainty for that. Turnips may be tossed about, but not apricots.'

'Yes,' said Barbara, 'I and my sister are quite different.'

'You will not repent of this determination?' asked Mr. Coyshe. 'I suppose it would not be asking you too much just to drop me a letter with the expression of your intention stated in it? I confess to a weakness for black and white. The memory is so treacherous, and I find it very like an adhesive chest-plaster—it sticks only on that side which applies to self.'

'Mr. Coyshe,' said Barbara, 'shall we go in and see papa? You shall be satisfied. My memory will not play me false. My whole heart is wrapped up in dear Eve, and the great ambition of my life is to see her happy. Come then, we will go to papa.'

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## CHAPTER XLI.

### ANOTHER MISTAKE.

BARBARA saw Mr. Coyshe into her father's room, and then went upstairs to Eve, caught her by the arm, and drew her into her own room. Barbara had now completely made up her mind that her sister was to become Mrs. Coyshe. Eve was a child, never would be other, never capable of deciding reasonably for herself. Those who loved her, those who had care of her, must decide for her. Barbara and her father had grievously erred hitherto in humouring all Eve's caprices, now they must be peremptory with her, and arrange for her what was best, and force her to accept the provision made for her.

What are love matches but miserable disappointments? Not quite so bad as pictured by Mr. Coyshe. The reality would not differ from the ideal as thoroughly as the seal from the painted mermaid; but there was truth in what he said. A love match was entered into by two young people who have idealised each other, and before the first week is out of the honeymoon they find the ideal shattered, and a very prosaic reality standing in its

place. Then follow disappointment, discontent, rebellion. Far better the foreign system of parents choosing partners for their children; they are best able to discover the real qualities of the suitor because they study them dispassionately, and they know the characters of their daughters. Who can love a child more than a parent, and therefore who is better qualified to match her suitably?

So Barbara argued with herself. Certainly Eve must not be left to select her husband. She was a creature of impulse, without a grain of common-sense in her whole nature.

Barbara drew Eve down beside her on the sofa at the foot of her bed, and put her arm round her waist. Eve was pouting, and had red eyes; for her sister had scolded her that morning sharply for her conduct the preceding night, and her father had been excited, and for the first time in his life had spoken angrily to her, and bidden her cast off and never resume the costume in which she had dressed and bedizened herself.

Eve had retired to her room in a sulk, and in a rebellious frame of mind. She cried and called herself an ill-treated girl, and was overcome with immense pity for the hardships she had to undergo among people who could not understand and would not humour her.

Eve's lips were screwed up, and her brow as nearly contracted into a frown as it could be, and her sweet cheeks were kindled with fiery temper-spots.

'Eve dear,' said Barbara, 'Mr. Coyshe is come.'

Eve made no answer; her lips took another screw, and her brows contracted a little more.

'Eve, he is closeted now with papa, and I know he has come to ask for the hand of the dearest little girl in the whole world.'

'Stuff!' said Eve, peevishly.

'Not stuff at all,' argued Barbara, 'nor'—intercepting another exclamation—'no, dear, nor fiddlesticks. He has been talking to me in the parlour. He is sincerely attached to you. He is an odd man, and views things in quite a different way from others, but I think I made out that he wanted you to be his wife.'

'Barbara,' said Eve, with great emphasis, 'nothing in the world would induce me to submit to be called Mrs. Squash.'

'My dear, if the name is the only objection, I think he will not mind changing it. Indeed, it is only proper that he should. As he and you will have Morwell, it is of course right that a Jordan should be here, and—to please the Duke and you—he

will, I feel sure, gladly assume our name. I agree with you that, though Coyshe is not a bad name, it is not a pretty one. It lends itself to corruption.'

'Babb is worse,' said Eve, still sulky.

'Yes, darling, Babb is ugly, and it is the pet name you give me, as short for Barbara. I have often told you that I do not like it.'

'You never said a word against it till Jasper came.'

'Well, dear, I may not have done so. When he did settle here, and we knew his name, it was not, of course, seemly to call me by it. That is to say,' said Barbara, colouring, 'it led to confusion—in calling for me, for instance, he might have thought you were addressing him.'

'Not at all,' said Eve, still filled with a perverse spirit. 'I never called him Babb at all, I always called him Jasper.' Then she took up her little apron and pulled at the embroidered ends, and twisted and tortured them into horns. 'It would be queer, sister, if you were to marry Jasper; you would become double Babb.'

'Don't,' exclaimed Barbara, bridling; 'this is unworthy of you, Eve; you are trying to turn your arms against me, when I am attacking you.'

'May I not defend myself?'

Then Barbara drew her arm tighter round her sister, kissed her pretty neck under the delicate shell-like ear, and said, 'Sweetest! we never fight. I never would raise a hand against you. I would run a pair of scissors into my own heart rather than snip a corner off this dear little ear. There, no more fencing, even with wadded foils. We were talking of Mr. Coyshe.'

Eve shrugged her shoulders.

'*Revenons à nos moutons*,' she said, 'though I cannot say old Coyshe is a sheep; he strikes me rather as a jackdaw.'

'Old Coyshe! how can you exaggerate so, Eve! He is not more than five- or six-and-twenty.'

'He is wise and learned enough to be regarded as old. I hate wise and learned men.'

'What is there that you do not hate which is not light and frivolous?' asked Barbara, a little pettishly. 'You have no serious interests in anything.'

'I have no interests in anything here,' said Eve, 'because there is nothing here to interest me. I do not care for turnips and mangold, and what are the pigs and poultry to me? Can I

be enthusiastic over draining? Can the price of bark make my pulses dance? No, Barbie (Bab you object to), I am sick of a country life in a poky corner of the most out-of-the-way county in England except Cornwall. Really, Barbie, I believe I would marry any man who would take me to London, and let me go to the theatre, and to balls and concerts and shows. Why, Barbara! I'd rather travel round the country in a caravan and dance on a tight-rope than be moped up here in Morwell, an old, fusty, mouldering monk's cell.'

'My dear Eve!'

Barbara was so shocked, she could say no more.

'I am in earnest. Papa is ill, and that makes the place more dull than ever. Jasper was some fun, he played the violin, and taught me music, but now you have meddled, and deprived me of that amusement; I am sick of the monotony here. It is only a shade better than Lanherne convent, and you know papa took me away from that; I fell ill with the restraint.'

'You have no restraint here.'

'No—but I have nothing to interest me. I feel always as if I was hungry for something I could not get. Why should I have "Don Giovanni," and "Figaro," and the "Barber of Seville" on my music-stand, and strum at them? I want to see them, and hear them alive, acting, singing, particularly amid lights and scenery, and in proper costume. I cannot bear this dull existence any longer. If Doctor Squash will take me to a theatre or an opera I'll marry him, just for that alone. That is my last word.'

Barbara was accustomed to hear Eve talk extravagantly, and had not been accustomed to lay much weight on what she said; but this was spoken so vehemently, and was so prodigiously extravagant, that Barbara could only loosen her hold of her sister, draw back to the far end of the sofa, and stare at her dismayedly. In her present state of distress about Eve she thought more seriously of Eve's words than they deserved. Eve was angry, discontented, and said what came uppermost, so as to annoy her sister.

'Eve dear,' said Barbara, gravely, 'I pray you not to talk in this manner, as if you had said good-bye to all right principle and sound sense. Mr. Coyshe is downstairs. We must decide on an answer, and that a definite one.'

'We!' repeated Eve; 'I suppose it concerns me only.'

'What concerns you concerns me; you know that very well, Eve.'



‘I am not at liberty, I suppose, to choose for myself?’

‘You are a dear good girl, who will elect what is most pleasing to your father and sister, and promises the greatest happiness to yourself.’

Eve sat pouting and playing with the ends of her apron. Then she took one end which she had twisted into a horn, and put it between her pearly teeth, whilst she looked furtively and mischievously at her sister, who sat with her hands on her lap, tapping the floor with her feet.

‘Barbie!’ said Eve, silyly.

‘Well, dear!’

‘Do lend me your pocket-handkerchief. I have been crying and made mine wet. Papa was so cross, and you scolded me so sharply.’

Barbara, without looking at her sister, held out her handkerchief to her. Eve took it, pulled it out by the two ends, twirled it round, folded, knotted it, worked diligently at it, got it into the compact shape she desired, laid it in her arms, with the fingers under it, and then, without Barbara seeing what she was about—‘Hist!’ said Eve, and away shot the white rabbit she had manufactured into Barbara’s lap. Then she burst into a merry laugh. The clouds had rolled away. The sun was shining.

‘How can you! How can you be so childish!’ burst from Barbara, as she started up and let the white rabbit fall at her feet. ‘Here we are,’ said Barbara, with some anger—‘here we are discussing your future, and deciding your happiness or sorrow, and you—you are making white rabbits! You really, Eve, are no better than a child. You are not fit to choose for yourself. Come along with me. We must go down. Papa and I will settle for you as is best. You want a master who will bring you into order, and, if possible, force you to think.’

(*To be continued.*)

## *Foods for Man—Animal and Vegetable: a Comparison.*

IN this lecture<sup>1</sup> it will be my object to inquire whether an animal or a vegetable diet is best for the human family. They who have invited me to speak on the subject have been boldly generous in their invitation. They, as vegetarians, know that I am not a vegetarian. They know that the savoury odours of the flesh-pots of Egypt, of ancient Greece, of old Rome, of Saxon Britain—and even of modern Britain, redolent in Mansion House dinners—still tickle my barbarous senses. And yet, such is the generosity of their nature, and such is their entire confidence in the soundness of their cause, they ask me, a flesh eater, to speak on their one and great topic with the well-known freedom of expression which belongs to me.

I shall not hesitate to avail myself of their kindness. I shall speak just as freely here as if I were speaking before a congress of my own professional brethren; and this is how it should be, for if a subject does not bear looking at all round it is in a very sorry way indeed. If the Venus of Milo herself admitted of being admired from one point of view alone, she would never be the grand object of admiration she so universally is.

My lecture is entitled 'A Comparison.' It is intended to compare the vegetarian system of diet with the ordinary modes of mixed diets of animal and vegetable foods. There ought to be no difficulty in these days in making such comparison, or such comparisons; there ought to be no difficulty in teaching to every man, woman, and advanced School Board child all the leading facts on which the comparisons rest; lastly, there ought to be no feeling of prejudice in any mind against discussing this matter on all sides, and to the very bottom; for if there is one subject more

<sup>1</sup> Delivered in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, on Friday, January 20, 1888. The Right Worshipful the Mayor of Manchester, Alderman J. J. Harwood, in the chair.

than another that is vital, that is national, and that, above all others, touches the future existence of our country, for good or for evil, for prosperity or adversity, it is the subject that we have under our consideration at this moment.

When we sit down to study seriously the many topics for comparison which come before the mind, there is presented at once a difficulty from the number in view. I must not attempt too many in the short time at my disposal: I will take *four* of the more important, under the following heads.

1. Animals in general, and man in particular, in respect to diet—animal or vegetable.
2. Foods (animal and vegetable) in respect to their relative efficiency for the maintenance of life.
3. The comparison of supplies of foods from the two sources of supply—animal and vegetable.
4. The comparison of health and strength under the two sources of supply.

In discussing these points I shall avoid to the utmost of my power all technical and hard terms, my business being to speak to the young as to the mature, to the unlearned as to the learned.

## I.

### THE FIRST COMPARISON.—MAN AND ANIMALS.

Touching the first comparison, we may commence by recalling the simple fact that there are, according to natural order, two classes of animals, one of which is destined to receive its sustenance from the plant world, the other from the animal world. The first of these—and this is a most important point to remember—the first, the plant feeders, are, amongst all the higher types of animals, the true food finders of the second—the flesh feeders. In plain words, without the plant feeders there could be no feeding at all, and no continuance of life.

As may be expected, when the above-named fact is borne in mind, the physical characters of these two classes of animals are most distinct, and the inference is irresistible, that in the commencement of life on the earth the plants came first from the inorganic world, and that the animals, which alone find food from them, followed. It is probable that if we could inquire into this question in the lowest forms of life, we should discover the same

arrangement in action: but however it may be in the lower, it is clear that in the highest series of the two types of animals—plant feeders and flesh feeders—the plant feeders came *first*; and, still, in the animal kingdom altogether, the most numerous of the higher forms are those which derive their supplies from plants.

If we cast our eyes over the whole of the animal kingdom with which we are most familiar we see this fact standing forth in the most striking manner. Our domestic animals of most service to us are vegetable feeders. Our strongest animals are vegetable feeders, and man himself in many parts of the earth is exclusively a vegetable feeder.

Primitive man, wherever he was first cast, whether in one centre or in more than one, must, of necessity, have found his food in the plant world. We cannot imagine him commencing his career learned in the arts of hunting, killing, and cooking the lower animals for food.

Many infer from this circumstance that the argument in favour of the vegetarian practice is copied direct from nature, signed and delivered by her.

Not quite so fast. There is one interposing barrier to the free acceptance of vegetarian deed and act of conveyance of food from nature to man. Nature herself, of her own right royal will, makes for animals, herbivorous and carnivorous, one distinctive animal food: a secretion from the living animal organism, a fluid which is a standard food—meat and drink in one—the fluid known under the name of milk.

Against absolute vegetarianism then we may fairly set up one exception derived from Nature as the unerring guide.

On observing the habits of animals we discover another natural fact. We find that animals of quite different natures, in respect to primitive selection of food, possess the power of changing their modes of feeding, and of passing over, as it were, from one class to the other. This change is distinct but limited, and we must accept it with all its extension on the one side, and with all its limitation on the other. The fruit-eating ape can be taught under privation to subsist on animal diet; a dog can, I believe, be taught to subsist on vegetable diet. But it would be as impossible to teach a sheep to eat flesh as it would be to make a lion feed on grass.

One more exceptional view deserves and requires to be noticed. It is made much of by those who are opposed to the vegetarian

movement, and I fear I may have made too strong a use of it in past times. It is called the anatomical argument, and it is set forth in this form. There is, it is argued, a certain specific difference in the constructive characters of the digestive apparatus of the two sets of animals, herbivorous and carnivorous, which difference is sufficient to indicate a perfect line of separation between the one type of animal and the other. The statement is one which, under the correction of legitimate restriction, must be admitted. The restriction is this. We have to go to the extremes of the scale on both sides in order to reach the unchangeable line of distinction. A ruminant animal has an intestinal canal which measures from twenty-eight to forty times the length of its own body. The canal, as a digestive apparatus, is also very complicated; it may have four stomachs, in each of which a special digestion is carried out. But a carnivorous animal, a lion, for example, may have an alimentary canal so short that it measures not more than three times the length of its body, and a digestive apparatus so simple that food could not digest in it if it had not been already digested in the body of another animal. Now please observe what this is supposed to teach. It is supposed to teach that certain animals are constructed to be and become the living laboratories, so to speak, for the preparation of the food of other animals. The argument is specious, and seems to be exceedingly clear. Unfortunately for it—or fortunately, as my vegetarian friends on the platform would say—it is not a good argument from a social and economic point of view; for the animals which are the providers and preparers of food by becoming food for others are of all others the most useful and the least harmful. We could very well spare the lion from the face of the earth, but sheep and oxen and such like useful creatures, how could we spare them?

I think it is quite a fair statement on the vegetarian side to say that if all the animals that could not be trained into herbivorous habits were to be universally destroyed, the world would lose nothing worse than the beauty of a tiger, a panther, an eagle, and the other animals of prey.

Please understand me. I am not advocating the destruction of these beautiful savage animals; there is not, under the severest vegetarian system, the slightest reason that one of them should fall—not a single boa-constrictor even need go. But I am showing that they might all go and no one be one penny the worse, in so far as the social economy of the world is concerned;

and that is the subject that is before us at this the present moment.

The idea here broached leads to the further suggestion that every animal that is really useful may be brought to subsist, and to subsist well and healthily, on the world of plants; by which I mean all herbs, all fruits, and all vegetable substances that are edible. For while it is true that between the extremes of the herbivorous and of the carnivorous classes there is a wide anatomical distinction, the fact remains of the existence of an intermediate range of animals of different species so nearly like to each other, in respect to digestion, that the habits of one can, after a time, assimilate to those of the other. Moreover, some true vegetable feeders have a comparatively simple digestive apparatus. We are bound, therefore, to admit, even on anatomical grounds, that Nature allows a very wide licence in the way of provisioning for her people. At the same time she sets, probably in all cases, the right example at first, leaving the changes that may afterwards occur to accident or necessity, never to primitive choice, however closely long continued habit may confirm the original departure.

#### MAN.

The position of man in the animal kingdom, as a feeder, is very clear indeed. Man stands on the intermediate platform. Man in his present state of organisation can subsist either on animal or vegetable food. If he were originally constructed on what may be very properly called the single basis, he has, at some time in history, diverged from the single to the double basis, an evolutionary exploit which is quite within the bounds of the virtue of necessity. The question itself is basic. If man was constructed, originally, to live on the products derivable from the world of plants, and has merely departed from the original intention by sheer ignorance and bare necessity, then it is now time that he, in the light of a brighter knowledge and a happier circumstance, should come back to the first and truer condition.

The evidence on and by which we can solve this difficult and all-important question can only be derived from two sources—the one physical, the other moral.

In search for the physical evidence we must turn to the construction of man. We must ask whether, by his build and construction, he is formed and framed for vegetable or for animal food. Is there any indication that his construction favours the one food



more than the other? Let us look at this matter with a little care.

In the study of this point we have to consider the teeth or food-grinding organs, the secretions of the mouth, the stomach, the first part of the alimentary canal beyond the stomach, and the remaining portion of the canal or intestinal tube.

As regards the teeth, it must be admitted that in relation to the subject in hand they literally and truly cut both ways. In the complete set of thirty-two there are twenty for grinding, eight for biting, and four for tearing. Grinding teeth are required for animals which live on grains and other hard vegetable substances; biting teeth are necessary for animals which nibble soft substances like grasses and some fruits; tearing teeth are essential for animals which actually tear tough and resistant structures, like flesh, to pieces.

In man the grinding teeth largely preponderate; and how well fitted these teeth are for grinding seeds, grains, acorns, and the like, the teeth of our very old forefathers tell a significant and true tale. In man the biting teeth have a conspicuous place and a very decisive function; with them, even to the present, the skilled biter can cut through the finest thread, a feat equivalent to dividing the most delicate filament of food fibre that grows from the earth. The teeth are vegetable weapons; they are the best of weapons which the out-and-out vegetarian can use; they assist him both in practice and argument. But then there remain those four tearing fangs, those canine or dog's teeth, so firm, strong, and savage.

The canine or tearing teeth stand out strikingly in favour of the view that man is formed for eating flesh; but it cannot be said by the staunchest flesh eater that the flesh-eating tendency is the strongest altogether. No; it is certain that the balance turns fairly the other way. It may, however, be argued that the very fact of the existence of only four tearing teeth gives countenance to the belief that Nature has supplied the human animal with fangs for devouring animal flesh if he is obliged or desirous so to do. This is true, but only to a limited extent, because we now know that even the teeth, firm as they are, become by constant habit, of life changed in form and character. The canine tooth itself, even in the dog, has been exceptionally so modified from this cause as to lead to a characteristic type of structure indicative of the influence of manner of life on growth when extended through many generations.

On the whole, I am bound to give judgment on the evidence of the teeth rather in favour of the vegetarian argument. It seems fairest of fair to read from Nature that the teeth of man were teeth destined—or fitted, if the word destined is objected to—for a plant or vegetable diet, and that the modification due to animal food, by which some change has been made, is practically an accident or necessity, which would soon be rectified if the conditions were rendered favourable to a return to the primitive state.

If from the teeth we pass to the process of digestion which goes on in the mouth, the evidence, as far as it extends, is also in favour of the vegetarian theory. The saliva secreted daily—to the extent of twenty ounces—has a specific chemical function: it acts on the starchy matter of food, helping to transform it into the more soluble saccharine form essential for ready assimilation and for the application of the starchy substance as heat-producing sustenance in the living laboratory. This is clearly a provision for vegetable food, not for animal. For starch, a vegetable product, the provision is perfect: but I know of no animal product to which it could minister in a similar perfect manner. It is true that the fat of animals serves the same purpose as starch in supplying the fuel from which the body gets its natural warmth, but then it is also true that the animal fat is the derivative of starch and of saccharine substances, and the inference clearly is that this elaborate mechanism for the secretion of saliva is intended for the digestion of the prime vegetable substance.

When we proceed to the study of digestion in the stomach we find a neutral argument; there the process that goes on for the solution and digestion of food is well adapted either for animal or vegetable food of the right kind. The digestion which is carried on in the stomach is virtually all directed to one object, the preparation of that part of food which is to be appropriated in the organism to the nourishment or building up of the fleshy or muscular organs. In the stomach the albuminous and truly flesh-forming substances are made ready for absorption and assimilation. Thus the stomach can digest animal flesh (muscle), eggs, and all such like foods, while it cannot digest the fats, the starches, or the sugars. So far, therefore, the stomach is a flesh-digesting organ and is fitted for animal diet. On the other side it is equally adapted for some parts of vegetable food. The vegetable products, to be used as food products, contain when they are correctly used—please mark the word *correctly*—just the same flesh-forming substances as flesh itself, and require in consequence the digestive juices for their preparation. From experimental

observations which I have made, but which I must not enter upon at this moment, I am of opinion that the vegetable flesh-forming substances may be as easily digested when they are presented to the stomach in proper form as are the animal substances of like feeding quality. But, putting this aside, the fact remains that, whether the food intended to make flesh be from the animal or the vegetable world, the function of the stomach towards it is the same, and as far as stomachic digestion is concerned the balance is equal. The stomach of man can digest either animal or vegetable flesh-forming foods.

After food has passed through the first digestion in the mouth and the second digestion in the stomach, it goes through a third process in the upper part of the alimentary canal. In this third digestive act, the preparation of the starchy and saccharine parts of the food is completed, while other substances of an oily or fatty character, which have not been acted on by the previous digestions, are subjected to effective changes by which they also are made ready to enter the circulation: the starches and sugars are further transformed and the fats are turned into emulsions by which means they are rendered miscible with the chyle. Lastly, in the further course of the alimentary canal there is a final or completed process by and through which all that is applicable for sustenance is separated from what is useless. These last changes are brought about by the secretions derived from the liver, the pancreas or sweetbread, and the first part of the intestinal surface in the small intestine.

In the final processes of digestion the balance of evidence is in favour slightly of the arrangement for the digestion of plant food. The liver furnishes a fluid—the bile—which is wanted for both kinds of food products; but the pancreas yields a secretion which, like the saliva, is most useful for completing the digestion of the starchy and saccharine principles of aliment.

By weighing the facts that now lie before us the inference is justified that in spite of the very long time during which man has been subjected to an animal diet, he retains, in preponderance, his original and natural cast for an innocent diet derived from the firstfruits of the earth. If under this head we put fruit in the first place, and include grain under the same head (as we are quite justified in doing), we may say that the evidence is, decisively, on the side of the vegetarian argument, and may declare with the distinguished French physiologist Flourens—who of all men was free from bias—that man is a fruit-eating animal.

Much is made of the fact that the length and extent of the alimentary surface of some plant-feeding animals—like the sheep, the ox, and the buffalo—are so different from that of man that man cannot be considered as by any possibility to belong to feeders of their class. It is true there is a great difference, so great a difference that Flourens himself was influenced by it. Flourens was misled on this matter, as I and others have been, by a mistake in the mode of taking the measurement—a mistake which has recently been pointed out to me by a gentleman who spotted it as an error at one of my own lectures, and who was good enough to write to me in explanation. I consider the fact very important. We have hitherto calculated in this wise. We have said that the length of the digestive apparatus of an animal like the sheep is some twenty-eight times the length of the body of the animal; while the length of the same apparatus for digestion in an animal like the lion is only three times the length of the body. In man the length of the digestive tract is six times the length of the body—therefore man is nearer to a lion than to a sheep, because six is nearer to three than it is to twenty-eight. But in this mode of calculating man has been reckoned up from head to foot, which is not at all fair. It is right to reckon the trunk of the man only, and then, as my friendly monitor shows, the tables are sharply turned: then in a man of medium stature the length of the alimentary surface is sixteen times that of the body, and sixteen is nearer to twenty-eight than three is to six.

Admittedly, it is just a point nearer: twice three is six, but twice sixteen is thirty-two, not twenty-eight. The balance, therefore, turns over from the flesh-feeding lion to the plant-feeding sheep. The difference is not considerable, but it is amply sufficient to meet, fairly and decisively, the argument adduced by Flourens from the anatomical side, and largely used on his authority, that man is nearer to a flesh-feeding than to a plant-feeding animal.

To some the complicated digestive apparatus of those pure plant-feeding animals called ruminants, or cud-chewing animals, is thought essential for a vegetable feeder, and if this were so man would have no place whatever on that side of life. But really the difficulty here suggested does not affect the question. There are pure vegetable feeders which are not ruminants at all, but which take their food at regular intervals and at short meals like other reasonable beings. And in fact, as one of our greatest living natural historians suggests, the ruminants might never have taken to chewing the cud at all except for their merciless

fate of having to carry with them a meal much larger than they could dispose of quickly, to some secret hiding-place in order to consume it slowly, free from the attacks of marauding flesh-feeding enemies, and in such a way as to make it last as far as possible.

I venture to bring this first point under discussion to a close by expressing—

1. That man as an animal can live on a mixed diet of animal and vegetable food.

2. That he can live on a pure animal diet under habit or necessity.

3. But that in the strictest sense of the truly natural life he is a feeder on the fruits of the earth ; a frugivorous animal<sup>1</sup>.

The above are the physical considerations. To them may be added those of a moral kind to which I referred in the opening part of this section of my discourse.

On the moral side, as it seems to me, the argument is in favour of the vegetarians. The food which is most enjoyed is the food we call bread and fruit. In all my long medical career, extending over forty years, I have rarely known an instance in which a child has not preferred fruit to animal food. I have many times been called upon to treat children for stomachic disorders induced by pressing upon them animal to the exclusion of fruit diet, and have seen the best results occur from the practice of reverting to the use of fruit in the dietary. I say it without the least prejudice, as a lesson learned from simple experience, that the most natural diet for the young, after the natural milk diet, is fruit and whole-meal bread, with milk and water for drink. The desire for this same mode of sustenance is often continued into after years, as if the resort to flesh were a forced and artificial feeding, which required long and persistent habit to establish its permanency as a part of the system of everyday life. How strongly this preference taste for fruit over animal food prevails is shown by the simple fact of the retention of these foods in the mouth. Fruit is retained to be tasted and relished. Animal food, to use a common phrase, is 'bolted.' There is a natural desire to retain the delicious fruit for full mastication ; there is no such desire, except in the trained gourmand, for the retention of animal substance.

One further fact which I have observed—and that too often to discard it, as a fact of great moment—is that when a person of

mature years has, for a time, given up voluntarily the use of animal food in favour of vegetable, the sense of repugnance to animal food is soon so markedly developed that a return to it is overcome with the utmost difficulty. Neither is this a mere fancy or fad peculiar to sensitive men or over-sentimental women. I have been surprised to see it manifested in men who were the very reverse of sentimental, and who were in fact quite ashamed to admit themselves guilty of any such a weakness. I have heard those who, gone over from a mixed diet of animal and vegetable food to a pure vegetable diet, speak of feeling low under the new system, and declare that they must needs give it up in consequence: but I have found even these (without exception) declare that they infinitely preferred the simpler, purer, and as it seemed to them more natural food plucked from the prime source of food, untainted by its passage through another animal body.

It may, however, be asked why, if this be the fact, milk should be so remarkable an exception as a favourite and natural food, especially in early life? The answer to the objection, fair as it is, is both simple and sound. Milk is an exceptional food intended for an exceptional period of life, with, as we now know, an exceptional provision for its digestion. In the digestive fluids of the stomach there exists a special ferment by which the flesh-forming part of milk, the cheese or caseine, is specially digested. This ferment continues in action throughout life in some persons, but not in all; so that there are some who can digest milk at all times, and others who cannot digest it at any time. In those who too exclusively feed on flesh meat and starchy substances the particular milk ferment ceases to be produced, and the digestion of milk ceases to be a natural act. In those, however, who are taught from early life to feed on the vegetable foods called the pulses—peas, beans, lentils, and others of the same kind—this difficulty does not occur, for these substances contain caseine, just as milk does, and require a similar ferment.

The mention of this fact conveys, incidentally, a good practical lesson for vegetarians, namely, that they should, from the first, train the young under their care to receive a proper, but not too large amount of lentils and other foods of that class, in which caseine is present as the flesh-forming constituent.

I do not think I can put the position of our first study more fairly forward, and I pass, therefore, to the next point:—The comparison of foods, animal and vegetable, in regard to their relative efficiency for the sustainment of life.



## II.

## THE SECOND COMPARISON.—ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE FOODS.

In studying the relative efficiency of animal and vegetable foods for the maintenance of life, we must first recall what it is that foods supply for the support of such maintenance. Broadly we may divide the requirements into four groups. At the head of those stands *water*, which we have nothing to do with now, but which forms 68 per cent. of the body, and the true feeding power of which has not until lately been duly appreciated. After water come those substances which keep alive the animal fire—substances like fats and oils from the animal world, and starch and sugar from the world of plants. Thirdly, there is the constructive food, the muscle and flesh-forming food, represented on the animal side by the fleshy parts of animals, and on the vegetable side by the gluten of wheat and other grain, and by the albuminous parts of other plants; essential food, but, compared with water and with the heat-producing substances, extremely small in natural quantity, much smaller than is commonly supposed. Lastly, there is the mineral part of food intended for the construction of the solid portion of the skeleton; by weight a very insignificant part indeed, but in effect most important as determining the build of the solid framework of the body.

We have all these constituents in both kinds of food, animal and vegetable. In animal food we have fat, flesh, and mineral matter; in vegetables and fruits we have sugar and starch (heat-producing substance), gluten and albumen (vegetable flesh, if I may so say), and the true mineral substances, in most correct form and quantity. Both sources yield all the required supplies; but which source yields the supplies in the choicest and best form? That is the question.

The common belief is that the animal form is the best, and I have often heard the poor bemoaning their hard fate (because deprived of flesh food) at a time when they really have had in their hands a better and more wholesome food than their wealthier and more luxurious neighbours, if they only knew it. Unfortunately they do not know it, a reason the more urgent that they should be taught to know it. Let me in proof of this draw attention to one or two comparisons.

If we make an analysis of the prime joints of animal food,

legs of mutton, sirloin of beef, rump steak, veal cutlet, pork chop, we find as much as 70 to 75 per cent. of water. There are some vegetables which contain much more water, viz., potatoes, turnips, cabbages, and carrots; but there are other vegetables which contain less water. Oatmeal, for example, contains 5 or 6 per cent.; good wheaten flour, barley meal, beans and peas, 14; rice, 15; and good bread, 40 to 45 of water. Taking, then, the value of foods as estimated by their solid value, there are, it will be observed, a great many kinds of vegetable foods which are incomparably superior to animal. Peas, beans, oats, barley, and wheat are of this class. In the animal foods named above, there are from 25 to 30 parts of solid matter to the 100; in the vegetable foods specially compared with them there are from 80 to 86 parts.

If we compute from the solid matter the value of flesh-forming and strength-producing foods in the animal and vegetable products we find some other useful facts. In a leg of mutton we may have 10 per cent. of albuminoids, or flesh-forming substance; and 8 to 9 of fat, or heat-producing substance. Let us compare that with wheat as a favourite vegetable substance, and we may have in the solid matter of wheat 11 per cent. of albuminoids, or flesh-forming substance; and 70 of heat-producing substance, or starch with a little fat. Wheat is, by this calculation, much more valuable than the leg of mutton, and the vegetarian would, I dare say, with fair argument, challenge many further similar comparisons. Coming, in fact, directly to matter of quality or goodness, it may honestly be admitted that, weight by weight, vegetable substances, when they are carefully selected, possess the most striking advantages over animal, in nutritive value.

Amongst fruits we find many kinds which may be accepted as lying intermediate between fleshy foods and vegetable foods. We may take, for example, the comparison between the banana and some pure animal substance, say a specimen of cow's milk of good quality. The analysis from which this comparison was derived showed that the banana contained 74 per cent. of water, 5 of flesh-forming substance, 20·3 of heat-giving substance, and 0·7 of mineral food. The analysis of the milk showed that the fluid contained 86 per cent. of water, 5·3 per cent. of flesh-forming material, 8 per cent. of heat-giving substance, and 0·7 of mineral matter.

I make this comparison simply to show how near the two classes of foods may approach to each other. The banana is like

a condensed milk, richer in solid fuel food than milk, but containing less water, and admitting of being prepared like milk on addition of water.

Animal and vegetable can in fact yield equal efficiency under competent skill in the preparation of foods from them. But up to this time, in what are called civilised communities, so much more skill has been developed in the preparation of animal foods for the table than has been bestowed on vegetable, that in order to give the vegetarian system the faintest chance a new school of cookery must be introduced throughout the land, in which there shall be taught not only modes of cooking, but the actual dietetic value of everything that is cooked and sent to table. The vegetarian plan has suffered vitally hitherto from ignorance on this score. Some persons have been initiated into the system by being taught to try to subsist on vegetables containing from ninety to ninety-five per cent. of water. They have failed, as a matter of course, and have thrown the blame on the system, not on their ignorance in relation to it. Others have been inducted into it by being led to take, at first, vegetable foods extremely rich in flesh-forming substance; and, unable to digest what they have taken, have hastened to the conclusion that the food was too heavy and could not be borne. Mistakes of the kind require to be reformed altogether, as a matter of simple knowledge, apart from any particular system or the advocacy of it, and as a rule of domestic information and order.

Until this is done there will always be a grand difficulty in the universal food reform on vegetarian lines. Until then many persons will be found who, in spite of their repugnance or other objection to animal food, will digest food that has been prepared for them by passing through the systems of other animals better than when they themselves take it first hand from the plant. The pulses produce in some persons flatulency and dyspepsia. Oat-meal causes in many persons heat and dryness of the skin, even when taken with lime-juice or fresh fruit; and other difficulties could be named which, at the present, beset the vegetarian in his path. These difficulties can be largely got over by an improved education in the art of cooking; and I confess, with perfect candour, that if I could on all occasions get for my meals the same foods as are to be obtained in the best vegetarian dining-rooms I should not willingly take any other kind of food. In time, I doubt not that the present centres for good vegetarian diets will become schools for the nation, and that every hotel in

the kingdom and every private dwelling will have its vegetarian cook or housewife. It will take a long time for this to come about, but it will assuredly come.

Meantime men of practical science ought to be at work to assist with their skill in this mighty reformation. An inquiry is demanded on the point whether the transmutation of vegetable food which now is obtained by the digestion and passage of the food into the tissues of lower herbivorous animals, may not be effected by chemical processes, apart from the intermediate animal altogether. When the most scientific instruments possessed by man were the flint-head, the iron lance, the boomerang, the sling and stone, and other weapons for destruction of the inferior animals, or, when improving on these, man advanced to the process of herding and feeding animals for slaughter, this question of transmutation of vegetable food could not be thought of. In the present day the circumstances are entirely changed. We know now to a nicety the relation of the various parts of food for the construction of the living body from food, and there should be no difficulty, except the labour of research, in so modifying food taken from its prime source as to make it applicable to every necessity without the assistance of an intermediate animal at all. Changes quite as difficult have been accomplished by scientific research in the laboratory, and if men of science will, in patient research for a few years, follow up artificial digestion and condensation of vegetable foods by synthetical imitations, assuredly the perfect production of perfect food from the vegetable kingdom, without the aid of the intermediate lower animal, will be another triumph of science over nature. In the presence of such a development food of the best kind would become the cheapest of all products, and would be so under the control of man that new races of men, constructed on better food than has ever yet been prepared, would rise up to demonstrate the greatness of the triumph by their improved physical endowments, and their freedom from certain diseases which must always occur so long as other living animal bodies are demanded for the reconstruction of the human body.

### III.

#### THE COMPARISON OF SUPPLIES.

The third question suggested in my programme relates to the two sources of supply of food in reference to the economy of life and of the national wants or necessities.

In the great scheme of Nature, carried out in her complete scale and design and taken in the light of one sublime planetary project, the principle of life is self-supporting. Nothing in Nature, not a crumb that falls from the poorest man's table, can ever be lost even as food.

While, however, nothing is lost in Nature; though the amount of life on the earth is probably always the same; though death balances life, life death; though the animal life is ever safe while the vegetable life is maintained; and though the vegetable life is quite safe while the inorganic elements and the forces which move them are maintained; there is constant danger, in individual communities, so long as life itself is at war with itself, and one sphere of life is dependent on the temper of another. To this little issue, resting on human passions, do the divine schemes of the universe itself, in their relation to men, sometimes come at last. Far-seeing statesmen, therefore, are not surprised at the phenomena which, to common minds, come as surprises. They know that national affairs which, in respect to the planet as a whole, are purely local and do not affect it in the least in its course, may nevertheless lead to the most extreme local catastrophes, and we in England ought to be aware that no disturbing local influence is more serious than this one of our food supply. As an Englishman's house is his castle, so England is, to the world, a castle for Englishmen; and the fact that the thirty millions of occupiers of that castle cannot, under existing conditions, find sufficient food from their own grounds, is the most solemn of all political problems. It is true that some think we are protected by the facility with which we can now obtain foreign supplies of all varieties of food. But really by that very process our foreign food yields the larger part of the material by which our own lands are fertilised, and from which, through the land, we derive the comparatively small amount of food which it supplies. Thus we, in fact, temporarily import land from abroad, a process which may go on very well so long as those abroad will send us what we want, but which will be a pitiful resource if, at any time, those abroad either require all they have for themselves, or in anger refuse us what we require.

I touch on this point in order to indicate that we have no necessity to run any risks of this nature. If the arguments which have gone before are true, and if the firstfruits of the earth, the grain and fruits, are sufficient when they are properly treated to sustain life well and soundly, then England, as a field of

fruit and grain duly cultivated, is a great castle provisioned richly for any emergency and for any time.

In this matter I fully believe that the vegetarians are right. If we would make ourselves quite safe there must be no stall-fed animal introduced into the grounds, to be reared, to be housed, to be fed, to be tended, to be kept free from disease, to be cleansed, to be driven to market, to be killed, to be dressed, and in the end, after all this trouble and expense, to be used only in part for food.

Buffon calculated in his time that the number of men on the earth had become one thousand times greater than that of any other species of powerful animals. By this time this difference has greatly increased, and as the day must come when the increase of man will be such that vegetarianism will be an absolute necessity, it would be well to take time by the forelock and learn to go to the first-fruits if we would feed England from English soil.

Even then we must save!

One hundred millions worth of precious body-feeding grain, spent at present on body- and soul-consuming strong drink, must be retained in the national garner for life instead of death.

#### IV.

##### HEALTH AND STRENGTH FROM FOOD.

We approach now the last head, namely, the comparison of health and strength under the two sources of food supply, animal and vegetable.

I would introduce this topic with two remarks which will tend to make the transition from one system of diet somewhat easier than many think it is. There are certain foods, like milk, cheese, butter, and eggs, which have never tasted independent life, and which the vegetarian might fairly admit amongst his supplies. This is a good concession at first to the flesh eater. Again, there is a certain moderation in the use of animal flesh, which, for the sake of himself and his own life's welfare, the animal feeder ought to give to himself. Independently of the vegetarian question altogether, there is a lesson yet to be taught and learned about the consumption of animal food before any sure advance can be made. It must be instilled into the mind of the people at large—rich and poor alike—that with a diet in which animal food, in the form of flesh, is largely used, it is almost inevitable that an excess of such food will be consumed not for the benefit of the



body, but for the trouble and embarrassment of the body in its vital labour. As a matter of fact, the quantity of flesh-forming food required for the bodily wants is small, beyond all the ordinary prevailing conception on the subject. A well-educated Englishman—I mean one well educated on general subjects—would wonder beyond measure if he realised the enormous amount of work an Indian can do on a mere handful of rice and a few dates. But his wonder would be far more increased if in the physiological laboratory he were shown and made to understand *three* facts. (1) The exceedingly small amount of flesh-forming matter that is called for to make up the waste of the muscular organs. (2) The enormous amount of wasted material which is thrown off or laid by without ever having been applied to any useful purpose in the body. (3) The tremendous measure of living energy that has been expended in throwing off from the body substances which ought never to have been put into it.

In very plain words, yet very true, whenever we add dead flesh to living, beyond the bare necessity, we are imposing a tax on our own active existence. We should never do so foolish a thing if we avoided animal food; and this is another good score for the principles of those who would go to the world of plants for the sustenance of the world of human life. It is without question that the best balance, the most correct balance, of all the necessities of food for man is found in the world of plants.

It is held also by many (even amongst those who are not vegetarians) that some serious diseases which now affect the human family would be prevented if animal food were not part of human sustenance. It is urged that flesh derived from diseased animals finds its way freely into the human body, and that by its introduction diseases are introduced.

The fact that the flesh of diseased animals does find its way into the market and on to the table is beyond question. Our wise and discerning Jewish brethren have taught us this truth in unmistakable form. They, in obedience to their ancient law, have all their animal food duly inspected. Their returns on the subject are worth recording. In 1878, out of 22,308 oxen killed in London no fewer than 7,885, or nearly a third, were rejected as diseased. Out of 3,330 calves 785 were rejected. Out of 41,556 sheep 13,019 were rejected. In the year 1879, in the course of fifty weeks, out of a total of 22,387 oxen 9,531 were rejected; out of a total of 3,691 calves 1,028 were rejected; of 38,302 sheep 11,826 were rejected. In 1880, from July 1 to December 25

—twenty-five weeks—out of 13,116 oxen 6,143 were rejected. Of calves numbering 1,964 as many as 634 were rejected; and out of 19,743 sheep 5,535 were refused for food because of the presence of disease.

If this analysis be applied to the animal food consumed outside the Jewish pale in the United Kingdom, about one-third of such food gives some evidence of disease; so that flesh-eaters who are not Jews are partaking of diseased flesh during four months of each year of their lives.

The information is very startling when it is put forward in this plain and unvarnished way. Fortunately it is qualified by the correction that in the process of cooking the diseased meat the evil consequences are very largely removed. Still it is not a pleasant subject for reflection.

The vegetarians may claim here a very strong case on their side. It would not be fair, however, to say that they have it altogether their own way. There is, unquestionably, a certain conveyance of disease through vegetable foods, not generally from disease in the food itself (although in the case of spurred grain or ergotted grain that even has occurred), but from uncleanness, and especially from uncleanness in fruit, dangers which cleanliness and careful preparation for the table can alone prevent.

In respect to the propagation of disease it seems to me just to declare that the danger is much less and much more easily preventible on the vegetarian than on the animal system of diet. I think, too, I ought to add that some constitutional diseases, such as scrofula, gout, rheumatism, obesity, and certain forms of troublesome dyspepsia or indigestion, are more favoured by an animal than by a vegetable diet.

As to strength of body, when the vegetarian diet is conducted on a sensible scale, and is supplemented judiciously by additions of milk, butter, cheese, and eggs, I can have no doubt that the whole of the animal strength and power of work, physical and mental, belonging to any man or woman, can be got out of it.

I have seen a man positively die from an obstinate adherence to one particular mode of vegetable feeding; die reduced to a mere skeleton by his plan; but, again, I have seen a man die positively from an obstinate adherence to one particular mode of flesh feeding; die fattened like an animal ready to be sent to an agricultural show. These are extremes in both systems, and are not found in the representatives of the reasonable members of the

community. Both modes of diet give the opportunity of courting death either by starvation or by repletion. We have to think of their moderate application in regard to vital physical and mental strength, and while, on this point, I give no decided opinion on either side, I admit that some of the best work has been done and is being done on a vegetarian regimen.

#### SUMMARY.

Summing up the four chapters above submitted, I would draw from them the following conclusions:—

(1) Man, although possessing the capacity of existing on an animal diet in whole or in part, is by original caste adapted to a diet of grain and fruit, and, on a scientific adaptation of his natural supplies, might easily be provided with all he can require from that source of subsistence.

(2) The vegetable world is incomparable in its efficiency for supply of food for man, when its resources are thoroughly understood and correctly applied.

(3) The supplies of food for man are most economically and safely drawn direct from the vegetable world.

(4) Diseases may be conveyed by both sources of supply, but need not be conveyed by either. Diseases may be generated by misuse of either source of supply, but need not be, and under judicious management would not be, generated by either.

Under a properly constituted fruit and vegetable diet strength of mind and of body may be as fully secured as under an animal or mixed animal and vegetable system.

BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON.

## *The Pytchley Hunt, Past and Present.*

SINCE the appearance of this book various notices have appeared in the papers, all more or less favourable. I should not have ventured to add to the existing notices, had it not been that I was intimately acquainted with the author for more than half a century, and felt myself in a position to throw some light on his character, and on the scenes and some of the persons which he describes. If the following review partakes of the biographical character, I trust that it may be excused, and regarded as not inappropriate in an old school and college friend, and a neighbour in the county of Northampton.

Henry O. Nethercote and I made each other's acquaintance in 1831. We entered Harrow School on the same day, at the commencement of the Midsummer Term, under Dr. Longley, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. He had been some time at the Charterhouse, and looked the picture of a healthy English school-boy. He was well grown and active, remarkable for his bright complexion and curly light-brown hair, with plenty of self-possession, and a cheery, open manner which made him popular from the first. He boarded at Mrs. Leith's, the only remaining dame at Harrow. It was not long before he developed a taste for cricket, and I well remember his receiving a present of a bat, slightly undersized, from Henry Anderson, Esq., an old Harrovian, who came down to Harrow three days a week to play, and 'coach' the rising generation in the game. His eagerness to try the bat was great, and by invitation I went down with him to the cricket-ground after second school, when old Dick Chad was called upon to bowl to him. The very first ball was a half volley to the off, and well was it punished. That bat did good service till its

<sup>1</sup> *The Pytchley Hunt, Past and Present*: its History, from its Foundation to the Present Day. With Personal Anecdotes, and Memoirs of the Masters and Principal Members. By H. O. Nethercote, Esq., Fifty Years a Member of this famous Hunt. Illustrated by Authorised Portraits, and a View of the old Pytchley Hall. (London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.)

master required, or thought he required, a full-sized one. He soon got into the eleven, and his name was recorded in the annual lists in the Cricket Pavilion for four years. He was a fair underhand bowler and field, and a good bat, noted for his 'wristy' play, as some critic termed it. He had a fine even temper, and made a good captain of the school eleven. In those days scientific cricket was not so common as it is now. The first professional who was engaged to teach the Harrow boys was Caldecourt, a good underhand bowler. His instructions, well backed up by Mr. Robert Grimston and Mr. Frederic Ponsonby, now Earl of Bessborough, helped to form the 'Harrow style'—viz. playing with a straight bat, stopping all straight balls, and making as many runs as possible off balls wide of the wicket. This was very effective for a time; but after some years the art of punishing straight balls, even leg shooters, was introduced by Mr. Mitchell at Eton, and illustrated by the brilliant play of the Lytteltons and others.

Among the ardent supporters of cricket at Harrow in the author's time was Mr. Henry Anderson, one of three brothers, all more or less renowned in the cricket-field.

Henry Anderson was for many years an 'institution' at Harrow. Every whole or half holiday he walked over from near Barnet, some twelve miles, played in either match or game, generally bowled during one innings, drank copious potations of beer, and walked home in the evening. He was a very kind-hearted man, a staunch Harrovian, and devoted to cricket. It was believed that, like some other characters described by Mr. Nethercote, he had impaired his estate by going on the turf, when he had more zeal than prudence.

The H. H., or pack of beagles to which reference is made in 'The Pytchley Hunt,' was kept up for several seasons by a select number of the senior boys. At last Dr. Blomfield, Bishop of London, who was Visitor of the school, heard that the Harrow beagles had been seen on a portion of his episcopal manors, called 'Gagglegoose Green'; and consequently his lordship wrote to the Head Master, Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, who was new in office, to remonstrate, and to point out that seven couples of hounds, even so small as beagles, must consume a good deal of food, of which the poor would be glad. Dr. Wordsworth was very good-natured about the matter; so much so, that 'Tom Smith,' a leading member of the hunt, tried to effect a compromise, by asking how many beagles they might keep, provided they made a reduction. This was too much for the Head Master,

who replied, with no more than the necessary amount of sternness, that they must be given up altogether, and this was the end of the lively little pack. Henry Nethercote's greatest friend at Harrow was Charley Denison, of whom I knew nothing more than that he was a popular and gentlemanly boy, and his brothers were distinguished at Oxford—one as a lawyer, another as a tennis-player, and a third as Bishop of Salisbury. The two friends sat together in sixth-form room, and on one occasion, during a lecture by Dr. Longley on Scriptural history, they were talking *sotto voce*, when they were startled by the name 'Mahershalal-hash-baz,' whereupon Nethercote ejaculated 'How much?' Longley did not resent it as an impertinence, but laughed heartily, and his forbearance was not trespassed upon.

Briefly, the author's career at Harrow was that of many other well-conducted and popular boys, who do not read more than is necessary to maintain a good character, and to take an intelligent interest in the subjects selected for study. At Oxford he was known as a pleasant and gentlemanly, but not hard-reading, man. There were seventeen Harrovians and about the same number of Etonians at Balliol, in his time, with, of course, an admixture of other schools, Winchester, Rugby, and the Charterhouse, besides a certain number of Exhibitioners from Glasgow and Tiverton Grammar School. Among the latter was the present Bishop of London, whose powers of mind and capacity for work were no less the objects of respect than his moral character. Henry Nethercote mixed chiefly in the public school set, some of whom read hard, whilst others were content with securing a pass. Either before or immediately after his entering Balliol, a series of events happened which materially changed his prospects in life. He was the youngest of four brothers, two of whom were in the army, while another, being an invalid, and therefore unsuited for an active profession, remained at home. Henry was destined for the ministry. Within a few months he was deprived of his second brother Maximilian, in the 83rd Infantry, a remarkably handsome and winning young man, and of his mother, who only outlived her son by a few weeks. The eldest son William, in the Horse Guards, whom Mr. Osbaldeston used to call 'The bold Dragoon,' apparently the picture of health and strength, died within fourteen months of his mother, leaving a sister, afterwards married to Captain Rooper of the Rifle Brigade, and two brothers, John, who was subject to epileptic fits, and Henry, who was looked upon from this time forth as the future squire of Moulton. After



taking his degree at Oxford, he married, and lived with his wife at Moulton Grange under the parental roof, an arrangement more common in French than in English families. However, such was the traditional good temper of the house, which was long represented by Mr. Nethercote, sen., that perfect harmony prevailed between father and son; and those who had known the house in earlier days, much as they regretted the death of Mrs. Nethercote, whose beauty, refinement, and sweetness of temper made it a delightful house for old and young, could not help acknowledging that its old character was maintained under its changed conditions. Two daughters were born to Mr. H. Nethercote, after which he became a widower. I saw him soon after his loss, and was glad to find that, although deeply feeling his bereavement, he could take delight in seeing his children, and find healthy recreation in the stubbles and turnips. Many a walk and talk have we had together, gun in hand, around Moulton Grange, and an occasional day at Naseby, Sywell, and Boughton. He enjoyed the sport as much as any one, and understood beating the ground with dogs, as was customary in the old times. As I never was a hunting man I cannot pretend to say whether Mr. H. O. Nethercote was a foremost rider or not. On several occasions when he has given me a mount he rode straight and well, and thoroughly understood the principle which he lays down in his book, that in order to hold a good place in the field it is necessary not only to negotiate the fences well, requiring a good seat and hand, but to gallop well. He wasted no time between one fence and another, and whenever I rode with him he was well mounted. But he was not a light weight, and even before the depreciation of landed estates he could not in prudence have vied with the noble lords who hunted the Pytchley hounds in the prices he gave for hunters. Of late years he was called upon to choose between making a reduction in his stable and leaving his parish church in difficulties. He chose the former, and contributed largely towards the necessary repairs of Moulton Church, which without his aid would have been done imperfectly, or postponed. He was connected with two parishes, having a house at Pitsford, where he commonly attended one of the Sunday services. There might be seen Mr. George Payne, of whom he gives so full a description in his book, and whose personality was one to be remembered. Whether on horseback or on the coach-box, Mr. Payne meant 'going'; and I well remember sitting behind him on the Northampton coach, when the horses gained considerably on the average time,

and entered the Angel Court at Northampton before they were expected. Pitsford adjoins Boughton, well known to readers of Holmby (Holdenby) House ; and both are under Mr. Howard Vyse. The county is well wooded, and famous for its spires and squires, respecting whom I heard the late Sir George Robinson say that if the spires—meaning the church—had taken no better care of the squires than the squires had done of the spires, both spires and squires would ere now have gone to dust, though if all the squires had done their duty to the Church as well as the author, or Mr. Young of Orlingbury, Sir George's epigram would have lost its point. From Castle Ashby extends a long belt of woodland, by Yardley Chase and Horton to Salcey Forest, and so on to Whittlebury. The two latter are royal forests, under the rangership of the Duke of Grafton.

The last of the very few days' hunting that I ever had was on an Easter Monday, when the meet was at Castle Ashby. It was a border meet. The hounds, if I remember right, were the Oakley. But many of the Pytchley hunt went to the meet. Old Mr. Foljambe drove twenty miles with his two sons, and it was touching to see the veteran sportsman, who was quite blind, after several of the picked hounds had been brought to him to be scrutinised—not by eye but by hand—mount his horse, and follow the cavalcade of horsemen, led by a groom, who inserted a hunting 'crop' into the ring of his master's bit. There was Ambrose Isted, deaf and dumb, but able to articulate certain words. He introduced me to the two ancient oaks in Yardley Chase, Gog and Magog, and I had no difficulty in understanding him. The day was cold, and no one expected a run ; but nothing happens like the unexpected. A fox was soon found, and ran in a pretty direct line to Salcey Lawn, where we came to a check. The huntsman thought the fox had got into one of the ancient oaks, and sent for a terrier, which was duly let down by the tail into the hollow tree. However, nothing came of it. While we were looking about us and wondering when the snow would cease, a hound gave tongue, and off we started after another or the same fox, which led us back six or seven miles by nearly the same course. The hounds were whipped off near the Castle, and it remained for us to ride home. Mr. Nethercote was well mounted, and rode well up. I was mounted on a lady's horse, little more than a pony ; but a very clever animal, which carried me safely through the day. My host gave me a lead over a stiff post and rails, which my little horse touched with his hind legs, but beyond the rattle behind there was no harm. I was very

stiff the next and following days. Driving into Northampton on Easter Tuesday, I saw a long conveyance entering the yard of the 'George,' and asked what it was. 'That's what we call a shillibeer,' answered my driver; 'it's for funerals, sir; the corpse goes in front, and the family rides behind.' A nice arrangement, I thought, on a good scenting day.

The better part of the Pytchley country is on the Leicestershire side. There are large pastures with an occasional brook, and stiff 'bullfinch' fences. The famous battle-field of Naseby lies high. It is said to be one of the highest table-lands in England. There Mr. Nethercote and I once had a good day's partridge shooting in our youthful days. There is an old manor house at Gayton, in which it is reported that Charles's generals held a council of war after the battle. There used to be a room wainscotted with black oak, which antiquaries came from far and near to see. I often took visitors at the Rectory to see it. Judge of my consternation one day when the farmer's wife showed a distinguished friend of mine into the room, which she told me had been greatly improved. It was painted sky blue! 'Why! Mrs. P.,' said I, 'what on earth have you done to your oak panels?' 'Oh! sir,' she said, 'they looked so "unked" [gloomy], that me and my husband had them painted, to look a bit cheerful like.' And there was a brand new piano, on which Miss Charlotte, just come from school, had learned to play the 'Battle of Prague.' It was excruciating. That day we lionised no further. Harlestone Heath and Althorp Park, lying close together, come in for frequent mention in the account of the Pytchley hunt. The ground rises from above the park wall towards East Haddon and Holdenby, where in 1840 the only remains of the house tenanted by Charles I. was a building used as a farmhouse, and a small church, the tower of which, shaded by elm trees, is a picturesque object. Further away lies Ravensthorpe, a Christchurch living, occupied half a century ago by Augustus Short, first Bishop of Adelaide, among whose pupils was the present Duke of Westminster, then Lord Belgrave. Above Ravensthorpe the ground rises to Guilsborough, with its well-built church, and general look of warmth and respectability, to which the red sandstone of those parts contributed not a little. Brockhall, the seat of Mr. Thornton, lies on the east side of the North-Western Railway, a good specimen of a country gentleman's domain and mansion. The old squire was credited with making an extremely good bargain both with the canal and railway companies. The canal runs by Weedon Barracks, and

may be seen from the railway skirting the parade ground. When the 33rd Regiment were there in the author's and my school-days, I sometimes rode over to the barracks to see Captain F. Blake, who afterwards, as colonel commanding the regiment, led the 33rd across the Alma. He did not long survive the Crimean War. Whether from wounds or illness contracted in the field, he returned to England invalided, and died in the autumn at Danesbury, near Welwyn. He told me of a young soldier, a private in the 33rd, who after parade trotted down to the canal in his full regimentals, and sprang across it. The measured distance from footprint to footprint was 22 feet. The young man, a Scot, thought nothing of the feat, which I should have thought incredible, had not Captain Blake witnessed it. Near Northampton the face of the country has been considerably altered—some people would say spoiled—by digging for ironstone. At Hunsbury Hill there are large works to be seen; also at Bugbrooke and Gayton. Every one knew that the red stone of the country, which alternated with the blue lias, contained a great deal of iron, but it was not utilised until it was discovered that the Northamptonshire ore mixed very well with some of the Welsh ore, and immediately digging commenced. The rent roll of the Delapré estates was said to be doubled by the new iron works, and other properties were increased in value, though deteriorated in appearance, by mining.

To do justice to the sketches of hunting men given in this delightful book, one should be a hunting man. But of the general character of the book most people can form a judgment. The sentence of the press is favourable. The cheery and somewhat disconnected style of the writer is observed by most reviewers. One expression, in the *Daily News*, is so neat that it would be difficult, even if possible, to improve upon it. Mr. Nethercote 'gives hospitable reception to any good anecdote that comes in his way.' Dr. John Brown tells a story about an Englishman asking a Scotchman whether he called a haggis a dish. 'Dish or no dish,' was the answer, 'there's a deal of fine miscellaneous feeding about it, let me tell you.' And so, after reading 'The Pytchley Hunt' through, the reader will find that he has gained a good deal of miscellaneous information, acquired perhaps in an irregular way, and reminding him of after-dinner or smoking-room conversations, besides a number of amusing anecdotes, and an insight into the country life of English gentlemen extending over a period of fifty years. Some of the correspondence is very interesting, particu-

larly the letters from Major Whyte-Melville, Sir Francis Head, and the present Lord Spencer. The partnership between Earl Spencer, better known as Lord Althorpe, and Sir Charles Knightley is commemorated. Politics did not interrupt their sporting friendship. And they had another common interest as breeders of short-horns. Lord Spencer's tastes have been chronicled in his biography by Sir Denis le Marchant, and in the life of John Grey, of Dilston, by Josephine Butler. The pastures at Fawsley were of uncommon excellence; those of Easton Neston and Courteen Hall ranking very high.

Old Sir William Wake and Mr. Bouverie, of Delapré, were familiar figures on Saturday in the market-place at Northampton. They both wore knee-breeches and top boots or gaiters. The Squire of Delapré was proud of his calf and chest, and he usually wore a single-breasted coat buttoned over the chest. Lord Spencer's attire was highlows and gaiters, and a short jacket, called a spencer, worn over an ordinary coat. The old baronet wore much the same dress, only 'more so.' He always appeared in a low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat. Thus attired, the three Whig country gentlemen might be seen among the fat beasts at the weekly cattle show, the peer guarding his ankles against mud and filth by a wisp of hay or straw. In the evening Sir William wore knee-breeches and silk stockings, with a silk or satin waistcoat with broad flaps, and a single-breasted dress coat. Once when he was staying at Brighton, he was pressed by his daughters to go to a fancy ball, to which he returned a decided negative, saying, 'Do you think I am going to make a fool of myself at my time of life?' The ladies said, 'Oh, papa! why should not you go just as you are? They will surely let you in, as a gentleman of the olden time.' So Sir William went, and before he had been there ten minutes he was greatly delighted by hearing some young man say: 'Look there; that old gentleman is the best dressed character in the room. I remember my grandfather wore just such a waistcoat as that.' He told this story of himself with great gusto. He lived to a great age; and the present occupant of Courteen Hall is his great-grandson, who bears the honoured name of 'Sir Hereward.' May he have as long an innings of life and die as much respected as his great-grandfather. May he also be as successful in farming; for I heard old Sir William say that he was 20,000*l.* 'better man' than he was when he took to farming, which in his case meant grazing. Mr. Nethercote takes us back to the times of Mr. Osbaldeston, or 'the Squire' as he was called *par*

*excellence.* His manifold accomplishments are faithfully given, including the command of choice vituperative language whenever any one went ahead of him, or looked like riding over the hounds. I, too, remember the steeplechase between Grimaldi and Moonraker, which came off near Harrow more than fifty years ago, and how fifty-three boys were flogged the next morning by Dr. Longley for missing the 4 o'clock bell. It was an unnecessary risk; for I saw as much as any one could who was not mounted, starting after the 'calling over,' and arriving in time to see the Squire on Grimaldi take several fences, with Seffert following on old Moonraker. The annual steeplechases at or near Northampton were very attractive to the country people, and not less so to us school-boys. What delight it was to watch the riders nearing the brook! How few escaped without some mishap! What sheets of water they displaced! I remember well the race to which Mr. Nethercote refers, when Lord Waterford rode Yellow Dwarf. I happened to be close by when he mounted his horse. No sooner was he in the saddle than Yellow Dwarf turned round as on a pivot and let out with both heels, one striking my saddle flaps in front and another just behind my knee; an inch or two nearer and I should have been lamed for life. As it was neither my pony nor I was hurt. Prophecies were made against the field—nine horses—clearing the Houghton brook; in spite of which they all jumped it without a mishap; Captain Beecher on Mr. J. O. Fairlie's grey horse Spicey, a nearly thorough-bred Arab, clearing it the last. Lord Waterford, in spite of his being hustled by the crowd, rode magnificently for the first two miles, but, taking the wrong side of a flag, lost his chance, and was passed by Captain Child on Conrad, who won easily, thereby doing credit to Cheshire.

Mr. Fred Villiers, then a boy of seventeen, mounted on a horse of Mr. George Payne's, was a conspicuous figure, in a white great-coat of fine cloth, and remarkable for the beauty of his face, the elegance of his figure, and his graceful seat. Mr. Grantley Berkeley was there also, in a green cutaway, and leather pantaloons and hessians, which showed off the proportions of his athletic figure.

At the Northampton races, Colonel, afterward General, Everard Bouverie was a well-known figure, an excellent horseman, and one of the best riders on the flat in his day. On one occasion I remember Sir Francis Burdett made his appearance somewhat late for the Northampton races, but easily recognisable from H. B.'s portrait of him, wearing the blue coat, buff waistcoat, and knee-



breeches and tops, which were the regular costume of the Old English Gentleman of his day. This was the habitual dress of Sir Charles Knightley. I remember attending an election meeting when Sir Charles was speaking. He held his hat before him, and looked at his notes, exactly as Mr. Nethercote described him. Of his eloquence a fair idea may be formed from the following specimen, which I heard: 'Gentlemen, they say I am a bigoted Tory, and hate the Dissenters. Well! I make a difference between Dissenters and Dissenters. If a man has conscientious scruples, but pays his rates, I don't find fault with him. But if a man pretends to have objections just in order to escape paying Church rates, he is a mean fellow; I hate him. Then, if it is a crime to love my Queen and Country, and the Church to which I belong, I plead guilty to it, and any one is welcome to call me a Tory.'

He was a great favourite, and although he came in for a good deal of chaff and banter, it was of the good-natured kind. His *fidus Achates*, as Mr. Nethercote calls the Rev. Francis Litchfield, was a man of another type. He was a warm partisan—sometimes attacking Dr. Arnold in the columns of the 'Northampton Herald,' sometimes making speeches at elections with such fervour, that I have seen the froth running down his chin like the froth of a beer barrel, as he harangued a crowd from a balcony of the 'Angel.'

Lord Chesterfield's mastership of the Pytchley hounds was an epoch in that renowned hunt. A good story is told of a farmer who had been at a hunt breakfast at Abingdon Abbey, and who was asked by a friend how the noble master had entertained him. 'Everything was of the best,' he said. 'There was Burgundy wine, and Champagne wine, and Sherry wine, and a waiter handed round some stuff in a basket, and poured it out in little glasses no bigger than a thimble. It tasted something like gin, but it went down like "hile" [oil], and made me ask for some more in a mug.' Whether it was maraschino or noyau, deponent sayeth not. Lord Alford's reign was short, but brilliant. He was a bold horseman, and I shall never forget seeing him take a fence at a stand, out of a 'ride' (a green road round a wood). He had a powerful horse, and nothing less would have carried him over a stiff fence, which he took from the ditch side. The few horsemen who were with him made for an easier place. Lord Hopetoun I knew well as a boy, but I never saw him in the hunting field, though many a time we have ridden after greyhounds in the allotments round Hopetoun House. His early death at Naples cut short a career of promise. Mr. Partridge was well known as a hard rider: a

thick-set short man of great strength and nerve. I remember seeing him ride a horse for a friend, who wished to sell. During a check he took him over some fences in a masterly way, and succeeded in selling the horse—I think to Lord Alford. Billy Dickins I never saw, but I knew two of his sons—Francis, who was at Harrow with the author and me, and who was great at football; and Major Dickins, now living at Cornhill-on-Tweed, a famous cricketer, and a man of Herculean strength. The Rev. Loraine Smith is well described by Mr. Nethercote. I have met him on the cricket-field at Newport Pagnell, where his ‘get up’ was most careful, and his *bons mots* deserving of record.

He had a living at Passenham, in Bucks, and I remember a good story told of him by the late Lord Dungannon, who was his neighbour. An old clergyman named Quartley wanted a substitute one Sunday, and asked Loraine Smith to take his duty, which he agreed to do. There was no organ, and the Church music was performed by a band—cornet, harp, dulcimer, &c., including a trombone, played by a man with a face like the full moon. This tickled Loraine Smith, who was an excellent caricaturist, and he drew a pencil from his pocket and made a sketch of the trombone player in the margin of the book. When Mr. Quartley came home, the first Sunday he did duty he saw the new illustration in the Church Prayer-book. Not being able to efface it, he sent the book to be rebound, but the binder thought it a pity to cut the margin of such a handsome book more than was necessary, so he left the most characteristic part of the portrait, to Mr. Quartley’s great dismay, and the amusement of his friends. Loraine Smith was a great dandy, and wore a kind of court suit in the evening with steel buttons, and silk stockings, with buckles. To hear him tell hunting stories was a treat—the conversations he held with his horse, especially on one occasion when he put his foot in a ‘grip’ and fell with a broken back; and on another when he narrowly escaped drowning, and was only saved by his friends pulling him out of a mill dam. Lord Dungannon, then Mr. Arthur Trevor, was no sportsman, but he was very fond of riding, and many a mile we have ridden together between Gayton and Whittlebury, and afterwards Wicken, where he resided until his father’s death. He was a true old Tory and Orangeman, and wrote a life of William III. One of Mr. Loraine Smith’s daughters, who married Mr. R. Lee Bevan, is described in Mr. Nethercote’s book as a fine horsewoman, who rode as boldly as her husband. Indeed, she sometimes gave him a lead over a fence—a thing

which he seldom needed. Mr. Nethercote gives a touching account of the death of his schoolfellow, Lord Inverurie. I have heard him tell the story; the only circumstance not mentioned being that they had breakfasted together on the morning of the day which ended fatally for the young Scotch nobleman. I remember him well as a boy at school, and a fight took place between him and another boy in Dr. Longley's house, Lord Glamis, in which the Thane of Cawdor, being the stronger, proved victorious. Before he left school he gave a banquet at the 'King's Head' to a number of his friends, towards which the Earl of Kintore sent a haunch of venison, and his London wine merchant sent a case of champagne, with the request that it should be iced, as champagne without ice was like fox-hunting without scent. The liberal supply of 'the sparkling wine of France' had an effect upon its young consumers which was not favourable to study on the following day. Mr. Nethercote's record of another schoolfellow, the Rev. J. T. Drake, who has now gone to his rest, is genial and true. I have met him on several occasions at Cheltenham, where he spent a winter with his wife, and where he had several horses, among them a remarkably clever pony, on which I rode with him one day over the Cotswolds; and later in life at Moulton Grange, where his social qualities, and quiet, dry humour made him an excellent companion, as his walking and shooting powers rendered him an accession to the party in the stubbles and turnips. The story told of 'Billy Oxenham's mare' recalls many a reminiscence of that house, which had a very sporting character. One of its inmates, Mr. W. Hammond, first cousin to the author, started on 'breaking-up day' on a cross-country ride from Harrow to London. Being a fine rider, he accomplished a great part of the distance safely, taking the fences as they came. At last he came to grief at a gate, or piece of timber, over which his horse fell. He escaped, to the best of my remembrance, without severe injury, and commemorated his adventure in a series of sketches, which showed great artistic power and knowledge of horseflesh. A son of Sir Richard Sutton was at the same house, and a fine life he led his worthy tutor, who was at last obliged to suggest his removal. He made a brilliant cavalry officer, military discipline being more suited to him than that of a public school.

Mr. Nethercote shows in his book a power of appreciating literary merit which marks him as a man of taste and culture; and his friendship with Major Whyte-Melville and Sir Francis Head has been productive of some very interesting letters. The

description which Sir Francis gives of his pursuits in old age is very touching, as showing how the character mellows with advancing years, and how the loss of bodily powers need not disturb the serenity of the mind, or its thankful appreciation of the comforts that old age and diminished strength enable him to enjoy.

The review of Mr. Nethercote's book in the pages of the *Field* is evidently written by 'one who knows,' and I cannot set up my authority against that of the writer, who points out some omissions which in a second edition (which I hear is called for) might have been filled up by the author. He was well acquainted with the late Mr. F. Villiers, and would have only been too glad to add a more detailed account of his mastership, both when he was single-handed and when he was in partnership with Captain Cust. It is difficult to imagine a finer rider than 'Jem Mason,' whom I have seen when a boy at steeplechases. Colonel Anstruther Thomson's mastership receives a well-deserved tribute of praise, and it can only have been accidental that the pen which did such full justice to the merits of Dick Christian should have made slight mention of that dashing huntsman, Charles Payn.

The author's warmest appreciation of the more recent masters is bestowed on Lord Spencer, with whose character as a sportsman and as a politician he had great sympathy. Living among neighbours for the most part Conservative, and having been brought up amid Conservative associations, Mr. H. O. Nethercote became more Liberal as he advanced in age, and one of the last letters which I received from him announced his conviction that Home Rule was a necessity for Ireland; and to this conclusion he was greatly influenced by the example of Lord Spencer and that of his able Chief Secretary, Sir George Trevelyan. One of his most marked characteristics was his faithfulness to old ties of friendship. Another was his even flow of spirits and juvenility of character. Another was his openness and candour, which disposed him to acknowledge an error of judgment which he might have committed, and to modify his views on evidence being shown that he had been misled. Another, and perhaps the most noteworthy, was his generosity, his kindness towards persons below him in station, and sympathy in entering into their difficulties and providing for their welfare. I am reminded as I write this of his kind treatment of some Hungarian musicians, for whom he not only made a collection, contributing largely himself, but took pains to provide them with a decent lodging, and means of getting a Sunday's dinner. In his own person he was an observer of the

good old rule, 'ne quid nimis.' He enjoyed life from natural temperament, but he did not indulge in excess either in out-of-door amusements or in the pleasures of the table, and he took a lively interest in his poorer neighbours.

The garden was one of the great delights of the late owner of Moulton Grange, and no estate has benefited more by judicious landscape gardening and the cultivation of various kinds of rare and exotic plants.

Long may the traditions of warm friendship and family affection flourish in that home, and comfort the heart of its widowed occupant, who entered most warmly into all plans for the improvement of the estates, for the welfare of the tenants, and the maintenance of the church and schools. Of the universal regard felt for her late husband abundant proofs have been given, and one of these will interest the reading public—a request that in the second edition of 'The Pytchley Hunt' a portrait of the author may be introduced, in company with those of Sir Charles Knightley, Mr. George Payne, Colonel Anstruther Thomson, and Earl Spencer.

G. B.

## *The Song of a Spring Silence.*

A WEEK ago the little wood  
 Grew rosy with the larches' bloom;  
 The violet and primrose brake  
 The dusky cover's winter gloom;  
 A week ago the huntsmen swept  
 By wood and cover, stream and fall;  
 And one went first; oh! where is he  
 Who led them all?

The long dun-coloured plough lands lie  
 Quiet and silent to the blue;  
 Pasture and mead and lane are still,  
 No hound or huntsman passes through;  
 The soft hours wing themselves away,  
 The mare stands stamping in her stall;  
 She waits in vain; he is not here  
 Who led them all.

The little wood may leafy grow,  
 He will not watch its gradual green;  
 The birds may build, the flowers blow,  
 And all things be as they have been;  
 The year may circle to its close,  
 The swallows fly, the leafage fall,  
 The huntsmen meet; but he is gone  
 Who led them all.

For cold and deep is now his bed  
 Who loved the stretch of hill and plain;  
 And nerveless now his hands are clasped  
 That loved the grip of whip and rein;  
 His eyes are dark, his voice is dumb,  
 Man, horse, and dog may list his call,  
 But he is sleeping, straight and still,  
 Who led them all.

KATE CARTER.



## *Women's Work and Wages.*

OF all the subjects which from time to time engage the attention of the student of contemporary history there are few which present features of greater interest than the position of the working women of England, and of those of its metropolis in particular. For the elucidation of this, as of all other social questions, the accurate ascertainment of facts possesses the utmost importance. Unfortunately the ascertainment of facts in relation to the work and wages of women is a task by no means easy of performance; and any opportunity that arises of getting behind the veil which shrouds these industrial data from the gaze of the student is one of which we avail ourselves with no little gratitude. To win the confidence at once of the employers of labour and of their employees, to inspect the wage-book of the master and to test the accuracy of its figures by confidential interrogation of the work-people—these are privileges not accorded to every one, privileges only to be acquired by an exceptional position and by the exercise of a quite exceptional degree of ability and industry in using the advantages conferred by that position.

Under circumstances of this nature the account of 'the social condition of factory and workshop female operatives in the Central Metropolitan District,' contained in the Annual Report of the Chief Inspector of Factories for 1887, which has recently been issued, deserves in a special degree the attention of the public.

The author of this account is Mr. Lakeman, the senior metropolitan Inspector of Factories, of whom it is no more than justice to say that he is an ideal Factory Inspector. Combining untiring energy with unflinching tact, Mr. Lakeman is well known to all who have acquired a practical familiarity with the industries of the metropolis as a man respected by all the employers and beloved by all the employees with whom his duties bring him into contact. Only those who have themselves attempted to fathom the mystery of wages can fully appreciate the victory gained by Mr. Lakeman in his successful investigations into the *arcana* of the workshop. For him, and for him almost alone of men,

some of the most obscure problems of industry are open secrets. Mr. Lakeman gives us a table showing the wages paid to female workers in more than fifty distinct branches of industry. What confers upon this return a value absolutely unique in the eyes of the student of economic science is the fact, vouched for by its compiler, that it 'is based on actual figures shown in wage-books of manufacturers and by statements of masters and hands cordially given to me.'

Those who have the inclination and the leisure to study the details of Mr. Lakeman's return, and to peruse the *ipsissima verba* of his valuable remarks, will find the labour bestowed upon the perusal of his report amply repaid. But for many of us life is too short for the reading of blue-books. Like the heathen in the Talmud who was willing to be converted to Judaism on condition that all the doctrines and precepts of that religion should be imparted to him while he could stand upon one leg, we are eager to have the truth 'in a nutshell.' Such a compression of Mr. Lakeman's pages, crammed as they are with statistics, none of which are wanting in importance, were a task beyond the powers of the most painstaking reviewer. But, though the *multum* of his report declines to be expressed *in parvo*, it is possible to present to the reader *parva de multis*.

Speakly broadly, the one great industrial factor which Mr. Lakeman shows to be omnipresent and omnipotent in relation to the industrial position of our London working-women is the sewing-machine. To the correct apprehension of this truth a few words of explanation are necessary. Many of us have a vague idea that, since the best machine-made articles are, as a rule, decidedly inferior in point of accurate workmanship to those manufactured by purely manual labour, therefore all hand-work may be taken to be superior in point of skill to that performed by the machine; and when Mr. Lakeman speaks of 'the experts in the use of the sewing-machine' as skilled, and of 'hand-workers' as unskilled, operatives, we pause for a moment with somewhat of a puzzled feeling.

A moment's consideration will put us right. Those who have watched a gardener trimming a lawn will have noticed that, however deft he may have been in the use of his mowing-machine, there yet always remained numerous nooks, corners, and edges which were left untouched by the rotatory knives, and which had to be visited afterwards by the scythe or by the shears. So it is with the best Singer or Wheeler & Wilson that has yet undertaken to perform the functions of the sempstress.

Now, while it requires an experienced and skilful worker to use a sewing-machine with efficiency and expedition, that part of the work which remains to be done after the machinist has completed her task demands but little ability in the 'finisher,' a distinction which is marked by an important difference in the wages received by the two classes of operatives. Take the case of the shirt-makers. 'In this trade,' Mr. Lakeman tells us, 'as in every other, where the machine is used, wages paid by piece have sensibly increased. . . . Wages of first-class houses were shown to me from wage-books to be 14s. to 18s. for machinists, from 9 A.M. to 7 P.M., and for machine-made button-holes 15s. a week; whilst the finishers do not earn more than 10s., and many, being old women, do not exceed 5s. per week.' As to the inferior qualities of shirts, we learn that, in regard to the lowest class of all, 1s. per dozen is paid to the machinist, who by close application can make this number in one day, while the finisher receives a rate of pay so miserably meagre that by the work of an entire week she can earn no more than 3s.; for shirts of the next grade 1s. 6d. per dozen is given for machining, but no more than 7d. per dozen for finishing.

So again with umbrellas. The machine-hands—if clever work-women employed in the manufacture of first-class goods—'make 42s., 39s. 11d., 31s. 6d., 23s. a week'; while 'the tippers, who attach the cover to the frame, are hand-workers, and make 7s. to 16s. a week.' In the same manner, in the manufacture of under-clothing for women's wear, 'quickest machine-hands earn 20s. to 22s. per week, but hand-workers, who must be neat sewers, range from 12s. to 17s. piece-work'; and in the collar-making trade, Mr. Lakeman found, 'out of thirty-three best hands [machinists], that nine regularly earned above 20s., one made 25s., another 27s., and button-holers by machine in same factory made 24s., and 25s. 2d. highest; whilst hand-workers earned from 8s. 3d. as learners to 23s. 11d. highest.'

As to the industries in which the work can be done throughout by the machine we find, for instance, that the women in the book-binding trade who use the machine for stitching earn from 12s. to 15s. a week; 'but hand-sewing has fallen from 8s. to 10s.' As a rule, wherever it has become possible to substitute machinery for manual labour, the latter has been altogether driven out of the field, the chief exception being in the London tailoring trade. In the country factories, established for the manufacture of cheap clothing, not only are the sewing-machines very frequently run by steam-power, but the work of the button-holer, of the presser, and

even of the cutter, is done by machinery. In the metropolis (where this work is mostly carried on in small workshops owned by men possessing only a minimum capital) these labour-saving appliances are almost unknown. In the boot-making industry, however, London is not so far behind the provinces in regard to the introduction of machinery. Mr. Lakeman's interesting account of this manufacture reads as follows:—

The clicker cuts out the uppers; the soles and heels are cut by foot-presses or by steam cutting-machines; the uppers are sewn by foot- or steam-machines worked by girls, either in the workshops and factories, or in houses by women who employ labour, or in domestic workshops; the laster then puts on the soles to the upper; the sole-sewer sews on the soles and heels by foot- or power-machine, and the finisher adapts the completed article for sale. But in factories where the whole process is carried on, the heels are made separately according to sizes, and when put under the heeling-machine they are firmly fixed to the boot by the immediate driving in of three long screw nails by a steam-working heeler; the process is instantaneous.

But the pegged boot requires no sole-sewer; in a curious way the laster gets the uppers which he stretches over an iron last, and to which he attaches a welt; the soles are cut ready for him, his own last is fixed to a bench, and the tools he requires are a pair of pincers, a rasp, which is used in preference to a hammer, and a mouthful of brass nails. Waxed ends, bristles, and elbow-grease are things of the past here, and thus prepared he will begin and end his process by hammering in the nails; then the finisher puts his handiwork to the whole, and the boot is complete.

In this trade, again, the inferior position of the hand-worker attracts our attention. The women who act as 'table hands, blacking the leather, button-holes and buttons, and helping the fitter,' receive no more than 7s. a week, while 'an ordinary machinist can earn 9s., 10s. a week; but one who works on best goods, can put patent tops on toes and perform gyrations of fancy sewing over the fronts, goes up to 12s., 14s., 15s.; a good fitter makes 12s. a week, whilst hand-workers must be content with 7s. or 8s.'

The machinist, good, bad, or indifferent, is, it is clear, far better off than the woman who uses merely the hands with which Providence has blessed her. Nor, when we consider the nature of the work performed by the hand-workers in these trades, can we be surprised at the disparity between their earnings and those of the women to whom is allotted the comparatively difficult task of managing a sewing-machine. After the machine has done its

share in the work of manufacture, nothing is left to be performed by hand-work except what may be called the odds and ends of industry. Thus, in the case of a cheap shirt, the 'finisher' has only to sew on the buttons and make the button-holes and gussets (of the latter there are generally four, which can be completed in ten minutes). In the same way the woman who 'finishes' the lowest class of slop trousers is only required to put on the buttons, make a few button-holes, fell<sup>1</sup> the bottom of the trousers, add the waist-band lining, and press off the garment. The work of the boot-finisher and of the numerous tribe of 'finishers' in many other 'machine' trades is equally deficient in the element of skill; and all these women, unfortunately, receive but the most scanty remuneration for labour often protracted through very long hours.

There are, of course, some industries in which man as yet holds his own against machinery; and pleasant it is to turn aside for a moment from the ceaseless whirr of the Singer and from the monotonous toil of these finishers to contemplate the picture which the sympathetic inspector has drawn for us when he alludes to the wholesale millinery trade. 'I once saw a very smart little woman, whose taste was exquisite, and who trimmed bonnets as patterns for the workers, turn out one with great adroitness; the bonnet seemed to have been touched with the lightest of fingers; her reward was 1s. 6d. per bonnet; and as she easily did a dozen a day, between 10 o'clock and 6 o'clock, her week's money came to nearly 6l.' This, in a trade in which even 'first hands who are skilful and can act as forewomen' receive only 25s. to 27s. a week, while ordinary workers obtain a weekly wage varying from 10s. to 21s., is of course an exceptional rate of remuneration, and points to the scarcity of artistic taste among our English workwomen. We learn with regret that the bulk of artificial flowers made in Mr. Lakeman's district are great rubbish, and that the women who make them are wretchedly paid for their work; 'little girls are had for nothing as learners, generally 13 to 14 years old, and for first year 2s. 6d. is given; full wages do not exceed 10s. to 12s.'

Artificial flowers are sold very cheaply: nature is not copied with exactitude, for French flowers still hold the palm in artistic merit. Therefore a large quantity must be made for a little money; the tinting of leaves and petals is done by young hands; the pattern of metal has only to be daubed over the open work exposing parts of flowers to be covered.

<sup>1</sup> 'Felling' is the name given to sewing when the stitches do not penetrate the material from side to side.

One does not care so much now as formerly about the lavish paintings of hair, face, and hands, and the covering the front of dress with colouring matter, because pigments of noxious minerals are happily not used, and in most instances vegetable colours only are worked up.

The description which Mr. Lakeman here gives of the art of flower-making as practised in East London is indeed typical of a large number of the industries mentioned in his report. 'A large quantity must be made for a little money'; the work, especially that of the hand-workers, admits of the exercise of but the smallest amount of skill; and whatever of skill the operatives may possess must be devoted to purposes in which artistic excellence has no place.

The character of the work upon which an artisan is engaged must exercise no small measure of influence upon the moral tone of the worker. 'All labour is worship'; but truly that labour from which all the loveliness of perfect workmanship, all the charm of harmonious colouring, all the dainty elegance of graceful outline is banished, is but the worship of false gods. 'Like them be those that make them' is the curse which falls upon the unfortunate artificers whose bread is earned by the production of the coarse and tasteless articles demanded by the vast crowd of unrefined purchasers.

A typical instance of the degrading tendency of an industry in the products of which vulgar gaudiness is the predominant feature will be found in the manufacture of fancy boxes. On this point the evidence of Mr. Lakeman shall be given in his own words.

Heavy fancy boxes command good wages, there is no slack time unless caused by depression. I find from wage-books that piece-workers make 17s. to 21s. a week, week workers only 9s. to 15s.—the difference being in the class of work done—and to earn this girls must be industrious. The work is rough and dirty, and so are the workers, some of whom, like the artificial flower colourers, carry about the emblems of their trade, being daubed over with glue. I have tried to introduce a high apron to protect dress and person, but to no good. In small fancy boxes wages do not exceed an average of 12s. a week. The peculiarity of these girls is loud laughing and singing, jesting, a penchant for sham jewellery, silk handkerchiefs around their shoulders, and ostrich-feathered hats; festered ears are not uncommon, caused by the corrosion from brass earrings.

The passion for ostrich-feathered hats, by the bye, is not confined to the fancy-box makers, but is common among very many classes of factory operatives in the metropolis. A girl who has not attained to the coveted dignity of an ostrich feather ('*indicium*



*atque insigne fortunæ*, as Cicero says of the golden *bullæ* of the Roman nobles) is esteemed of small account by her comrades. The cost of one of these highly-prized decorations is never less than 4s. (the price of a very inferior specimen), and runs as high as 17s. The necessary amount of self-denial requisite to their purchase is in many cases supplied—as the present writer has ascertained—by elaborate machinery in the form of ‘feather clubs,’ with weekly contributions, like those of that well-known institution among the working classes, the ‘goose club.’

Although in the industries dealt with in Mr. Lakeman's report skill of a high class—regarded from the point of view of technical excellence—is seldom present, yet the degree of skill of one kind or another required in each class varies considerably; as is strikingly shown by the different length in different cases of the period which the workwoman is expected to pass in learning her trade. Thus it takes a woman four years to learn to make a jewel case. She receives a wage of 2s. a week in the first, 4s. in the second, 6s. in the third year of her probation, and can then look forward to earning from 16s. to 18s. a week, if fairly expert; while first-class hands make 21s. to 24s. On the other hand, a girl can learn to ‘japan’ in two weeks; but this, says Mr. Lakeman, is ‘dirty low-class work,’ and the average wage of those employed in it is only 9s. to 10s. a week, while ‘extra clever hands’ rise to 12s. One wonders what kind of cleverness is alluded to in speaking of an industry like this; probably the ability to get through a prodigious amount of work in a little time is what distinguishes these extra clever hands from the common herd. The constant relation between the length of probation, the degree of skill demanded, and the pay of the workers will be seen to occur again and again in Mr. Lakeman's table of wages. Two weeks suffice to teach the making of a house-brush; the average earnings of the women in this trade are from 8s. to 10s. a week. You cannot learn to make a tooth-brush under two months; but then you can, when you know your business fairly well, make 12s. a week. The art of making hair-brushes demands an initiatory period of three months (during which the novice must be prepared to work without any pay whatever). However, the extra month of probation finds its reward in the prospect of average wages amounting to 10s.–13s.—that is to say, one shilling a week more than your mere tooth-brush maker, and some three shillings more than the luckiest woman of average ability in the house-brush trade.

In connection with the subject of the *quasi* apprenticeship

served in these trades, it is proper to call attention to some very noteworthy remarks made by Mr. Lakeman : 'Young girls are kept on insufficient wages during periods of probation, and it is the practice of some employers in the unskilled trades to seek for learners, and to replace them when competent by other learners ; so that the labour price is reduced, a superabundance of such workers is set up, and wages are kept down.' It is not uncommon, indeed, to find a factory where scarcely any other labour than that of young girls is employed ; and I am assured by very competent medical authority that the task set these immature operatives frequently produces ill effects (such, for instance, as deformity of the pelvic bones) by which the whole after life is irretrievably injured.

One of the most highly skilled among the industries enumerated by Mr. Lakeman appears to be the preparation of the ostrich feathers so beloved of the London work-girl, a trade which during the busy months (February to June and August to November) employs about two thousand girls.

To curl a good feather well requires lightness of touch and gentleness in drawing the knife over the feather particles one by one to produce the curl, for in an expensive feather the removal of a single fibre would damage the whole ; hence an apprenticeship of three years is necessary, commencing at 13 years of age, when learners receive 2*s.*, 3*s.*, and 4*s.* a week for each succeeding year : when competent they are put to better work, earning 6*s.* to 8*s.* ; and when experienced 10*s.*, 12*s.* and 14*s.* are reached.

Formerly none but Jewesses were employed, for, as at present, the occupiers [employers] are Jews ; but for four years past it has been found advantageous to employ Gentiles, because a full week's work can be obtained. Competition has so developed this industry, and art in manipulation is so perfect, especially in the splicing of parts of feathers to make *one*, that an ostrich feather is now within the reach of all who fancy such pretty decorations ; therefore we have extensive workshops, fitted up with every convenience, where hundreds of little ones are busy at work. The children are generally poor ; the Gentiles compare unfavourably with the Jews in external comfort ; the former do not present like evidences of home considerations, whilst the latter are physically superior and altogether neater. I may notice that Jewish parents watch over their children ; they know what they earn, and take the major part from them in return for living and clothing ; but when girls are grown up, a relaxation is permitted ; but the Gentile child shows neglect, boots worn out, clothes without warmth, person neglected, no little respect for self ; they work to take money home to mother—and when the mother gets it, what then ? Overtime is worked as much as possible ; feathers are taken home by Jewesses to curl after hours, so as to save up for slack times.

Years ago a rare profit was made in this trade, the various qualities of feathers purchased at the mart allowed a good margin in favour of manufacturers; but now, a manufacturer observes, 'these palmy days are departed, and "Ichabod" is plainly inscribed on the yearly balance-sheets'; yet with all this, when seasons are brisk, there are to my own knowledge more girls at work now than ten years ago.

Many hands are discharged during slack times; it is a mystery how they live; and especially has it been so for this year, as no feathers have been worn, the fashion having given a turn to birds, wings of sea-gulls, and velvets.

Mr. Lakeman's account of the ostrich-feather trade has been quoted in full as exemplifying the characteristics of very many among the lower branches of industry in the metropolis. One common feature of these trades, especially of those connected with the manufacture of articles of dress, is the extreme irregularity of employment which we find to prevail. In some cases, as we have seen, the fickleness of fashion may at any moment throw out of work the majority of the women engaged in one of these trades. It looks as if ostrich feathers were, after their temporary disappearance from the West-End shops, again 'coming in'; but sometimes an industry may have to wait for years before the revolving wheel of fortune gives another turn to its *quondam* favourite. In the meantime, women who have spent many months, if not years, in learning this industry have to begin life over again in some other trade, only perhaps to find their new employment taken away from them by the whim of a Paris milliner. The 'infinite variety' of a fine lady's raiment has its charms for her admirers, but certainly inflicts upon many a poor girl misfortunes little imagined by the leaders of fashion.

Even with regard to articles the demand for which cannot well be affected by the ostracism of the *modiste*, nearly all the women engaged in the manufacture of wearing apparel of whatever kind are necessarily at the mercy of the changing seasons. There are, indeed, a few industries in which workers whom the slack time in one department has deprived of their normal occupation can obtain employment in another. 'Mantle hands can work in the costume trade also, and can thereby get ten months' work in the year; but costume hands cannot do the mantle work.' In the wholesale millinery trade 'for three months during spring and autumn trade is brisk, and a smart hand makes 18s. to 21s. per week; for eight months they are slack, and wages fall to one-half; for one month they have nothing to do, but seek employment in

the retail trade, which begins when the wholesale is over.' So among the book-binders, 'as the slack time of one class of binders may be the busy season of another, girls can go to and fro.' In the higher departments of this industry we are glad to be told that 'hands are not sent away in ordinary slack times, that is, from March to end of July; the little work to be done then is divided equally, affording less than half wages' (though 'in extra slack periods large numbers are dispensed with'). Again, in the fur cap trade, 'a few manufacturers keep their indoor hands together all the year round by making for stock, but the majority of workers are dispensed with.' Instant dismissal at the close of the season is indeed the rule, the employers declining to give their hands work even at nominal wages. In this way the whole of the female operatives making ties and scarves (of whom, Mr. Lakeman tells us, 1,500 are employed in the City) are periodically discharged; 'at slack times much misery is felt, because girls cannot find work in any other trade.' In the manufacture of shapes for hats and bonnets, the slack season, which generally extends over five months in the year, brings with it severe hardships, 'for young girls save nothing, but are lavish when in fair employment; when the seasons are on, good hands are in brisk demand, and indifferent ones can find engagements upon secondary work, which gives them an independent and non-provident habit; they are known to spend their earnings on frivolities, and to follow their "chaps" to have a drink in return for some favour previously bestowed, or for a "button-hole."

'I know this is true' (says Mr. Lakeman), 'for I have seen girls leave the factory and go straight to the public-house with young men.'

In this industry during the busy seasons—from March to June and from October to December—the 'wages differ; in some factories 9s. to 18s. are the extremes; in others 6s., to 8s. and 10s., the difference being due to the class of females employed.' But 'best hands who choose to remain in the factory during slack times cannot earn more than 2s. 6d. a week.'

That it is mainly the great irregularity of employment in industries like this bonnet-shape trade which is responsible for the laxity of conduct and the uncouth manners which characterise the employees is scarcely doubtful. One week in the enjoyment of comparative wealth, another week dependent for her daily bread upon her parents (often themselves in needy circumstances, or even out of employment), a work-girl is exposed to the most

terrible temptations. It is easy to say that these women ought to save money in the busy, to provide for their wants in the slack, time. But it should be remembered that nothing is so demoralising as these violent oscillations between plenty and want, circumstances which invariably create habits of reckless improvidence. In the expenditure of a confirmed gambler we look to find nothing but the wildest extravagance; and the girls in these season trades, with their runs of good and bad luck, are, in truth, gamblers by the force of circumstances, and hardly through any fault of their own. Nor are the working classes insensible to the dangers run by a woman whose earnings are of this fluctuating and precarious character. The careful father or mother declines to allow a daughter to enter one of these capricious trades, choosing for her—as Mr. Lakeman points out—an industry like the manufacture of female underclothing, in which employment is fairly steady throughout the year.

Apart from its influence in relation to the moral nature of the workers, the intermittent character of a manufacturing industry produces other results in a different direction, the importance of which will readily be recognised. It is mainly to this cause that we must trace, not alone the extension of domestic employment, but also that multiplication of small workshops which is so characteristic of metropolitan industry. If a manufacturer knows that his factory—should he establish one—must, together with all its expensive machinery and other plant, stand idle during nearly half the year, the temptation to send all his work to be done out of doors is irresistible. Some of this work may be given out direct to the workwomen—as Melenda, in Mr. Besant's singularly truthful romance *The Children of Gibeon*, got her shirts from the manufacturer. In very many cases, however, the wholesale dealer finds it convenient to call in the services of an intermediary, who comes between him and the workers, and to whom is given the ill-omened name of 'sweater.' The manifold evils of the sweating system have been recently described with very great ability by Mr. Burnett, the labour correspondent of the Board of Trade; and, as the reader will be aware, a Select Committee of the House of Lords has been appointed to investigate this subject, to which, therefore, it is unnecessary to advert in detail in these pages.

No account of the East-End industries would, however, be complete without a brief description of the sweater's den, and the graphic picture which Mr. Lakeman has drawn of one of these work-rooms shall be given in his own language:—

In the manufacturing of rabbit-skins into capes we meet with insanitation, misery, and dirt. However *women* can be found who will work in such horrid places is difficult to imagine, unless we accept, what I fear is too true, that 'necessity knows no law.'

A workshop has a bench, whereon the cutter shapes the skins; a large coke fire dries wet skins which are stretched upon a board before it; the smell from the dye is disagreeable, and the fluff from the skins irritating. The walls and ceiling are covered with dirt; the floor is strewn with fragments of fur, and heaps of the same are piled up in available corners; but with which the Factory Inspector has no power to interfere beyond advice.

The 'occupier' is a wretched and miserable specimen of a Jewish cape-maker. As an example, four Gentile females, one Jewess, three male Jews, and himself complete the number. The skins are received in the rough and sewn into capes, the lining and finishing being done elsewhere. Subdivided labour is seen here as in every East-End industry. The 'occupier' is a cutter, one man is a cutter, another a stretcher, another a nailer, women are sewers. One woman says, 'I have been for years at this work; I work from 8 to 8, and earn 5s. a week, sometimes less; I have nothing to do for six months in the year.' The second woman says, 'I make 6s. a week; am bound to take what work I can get; I cannot afford to lose time in seeking for better employment. I find it hard work to live, and at times am nearly starving.' The third says that she makes 6s. a week, and having no home cannot tell how she lives. The Jewess, a foreigner, lives in house of occupier, and what she earns I could not tell. The combined wages of staff amounted to 4*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* a week; he makes six dozen capes per day at 4*s.* 6*d.* the dozen, making earnings for the week 7*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.*; therefore he has a gross balance of 3*l.* 6*s.* for himself, to meet rent, taxes, &c.

When we reflect that this sweater's rent has to be paid, whether he is in or out of work (his workshop apparently standing idle for want of work during half the year), and that, when he is busy, the item of '&c.' includes a considerable sum for coke and gas, we are not surprised to be told by Mr. Lakeman that this man 'will save all he can for slack time; but withal he has to pawn his goods to live through it.' Yet this fur-cape sweater would seem to be better off than some others into whose balance-sheets Mr. Lakeman enables us to take a peep; such, for instance, as one employed in sewing boots, who 'gets 3*s.* 6*d.* a dozen for doing leather-lined boots, and can hardly get a living. By her little stock-book I saw that she had received last week 5*l.* 3*s.* 3*d.*, and paid in wages 4*l.* 10*s.*, leaving her less for a week's work than she gave to her machinist, without considering rent of workshop.'

One observation made by Mr. Lakeman in regard to the den



of the fur sweater demands particular notice. Let the workshop of one of these small employers be as filthy, as over-crowded, and as insanitary as it will, the Factory Inspector in the vast majority of cases 'has no power to interfere.' By the law, as it now stands, 'in domestic and other workshops in which adults, whether male or female, alone are employed, an Inspector of Factories has no jurisdiction whatever in sanitary matters.'

Just where the exercise of his authority is most required, the Factory Inspector is deprived of all authority. This is an anomaly which, it is submitted, deserves careful consideration on the part of the Legislature. It certainly would appear that the law ought to be amended so as to confer upon the Factory Inspector the power to deal with the insanitary conditions which prevail in the work-rooms of very many among the sweaters of East London. What is wanted at this moment in relation to 'the sweating system' above all things is, first, the amendment of the Factory Acts in the direction indicated; next (as a necessary corollary to the extension of the sphere of their duties), the appointment of additional Factory Inspectors. In the interests of the thousands of over-worked and under-paid workwomen, whose hard lives are passed in these foul dens, it is fervently to be hoped that the large degree of public attention which is now being directed to this subject will result in a substantial amelioration of the deplorable conditions under which so many of the industries described in the comprehensive and most valuable report of Mr. Lakeman are at present carried on.

DAVID F. SCHLOSS.

## *The Archbishop's Statue.*

THE bright sunshine of a March afternoon comes into the great church, and falls on the white arm of the Archbishop's kneeling figure. For more than two hundred years, the March sunshine (when there was any) has fallen there, as it does now. And for near twenty-three, I have looked at the statue every Sunday at least. But somehow, to-day, it looks as it never looked before.

The sunshine changes everything: changes most things for the better.

The afternoon service is going forward: the seldom-coming service at which I am present, taking no part. It is restful; yet one feels like a fish out of its proper element. The sermon is being preached: very brightly and cleverly, by a promising young friend. The same light falls on the pulpit which falls on the Archbishop. The red cloth blazes into glory, and the figure of the preacher is clothed in light. One does not remark these things when actually officiating. There is something else to think of. And there is duty which never can be taken lightly: never to the very end.

The statue, life-size at least, is of white marble. It is raised on high; and it forms part of a great and costly monument, fashioned of black and white marble: set up in honour of one who did not deserve it any more than many other men deserved their monuments. Under the pavement, trodden for ages by feet which walk other streets now, the Prelate rests: that is, what of him was mortal. The figure is touching to look at: specially to such as do not know the facts. It was the Archbishop's son who set it there, giving (naturally) the more favourable estimate of his father. In marble the old man kneels, vested in his robes. His mitre is laid aside; laid upon the ground: and a marble angel's hand is placing on his head the golden crown of the martyr. *Pro Mitrâ Coronam* was the grand motto his family thereafter bore:

a grand motto. But only if it speak true. And the self-seeking pusher and dodger who kneels there was neither saint nor martyr : though a lengthy Inscription in the Latin tongue states, in pompous superlatives, that he was both.

This, for a time, was a pro-cathedral church : a true cathedral of unutterable glory, hard by, having perished in a season of fierce controversy. In this church three Archbishops sleep : the other two with nothing to mark the spot. But a Revolution passed over this land, two centuries since : two centuries exactly. And in that season Prelates were swept away. For better for worse, such are gone from this building ; whose foundations were laid just this time seven hundred and seventy-six years. I confess, with deep shame and sorrow, that the church fell on evil days : and a century gone, when taste in this country was at its most degraded, the sacred structure was cut about and crammed with hideous galleries in a fashion which would have broken its builders' hearts. Yet even now, in uttermost perversion, it is, to the writer and some others, what no brand-new church could be, though built by Gilbert Scott himself. The Philistine jeers at it : being incapable of feeling the influence of mediæval memories : and naturally doing his kind. Worse yet (if that could be) enthusiastic ignorance and stupidity, complicated with self-confidence, say aloud, *It is a very fine church* : implying that it needs no restoration. Now and then, on the page of dense fatuity, the voice of the Donkey addresses itself to the present writer ; and, calling him by a name meant to be contumelious (the name is *Episcopalian*), inquires wherefore he has not spirit enough to cast out of the sanctuary it pollutes the statue of the murdered Archbishop, wholly out of place in a Scottish kirk. Various reasons could be suggested for the writer's line of conduct, some of which the Donkey could not understand. But one may be given, level to the meanest comprehension. *The writer could not if he would.* Doubtless he would not if he could. But that is another matter. Possibly it is a happy thing that whoever may at any time hold my office has no more power to cast that memorial of a departed system forth from where it kneels, than the Dean of Westminster has to remove the effigy of NEWTON from his glorious abbey-church.

There are strange things about this edifice. Strange to say, it is never called the pro-cathedral : though, in Edinburgh and Glasgow, churches which have ceased to be cathedrals for two hundred years have, within the last forty years, revived the pleasant-sounding name. These churches can be called cathedrals

only because people choose to forget (or never knew) what a *cathedral* means. Translate the word into English; and its use would be a burlesque. Nobody out of Bedlam would seriously call the incumbent of either of these beautiful churches a Bishop or Archbishop. Yet each is such exactly as much as his church is a cathedral. To call the chief-magistrate of a Republic *the King* would be absurd. A Republic means that you have done with kings. Precisely so does Presbytery mean that (for good or ill) you have done with Prelates and their Throne-churches. But, apparently, though you turn out (some people's) nature with a pitchfork, it will come back. And you may find human beings claiming to be dignitaries (of small degree indeed) in an Institution which founds on the utter exclusion of such things or persons. Which facts provoke the smile of the cynical.

But I turn from the purpose (if indeed I had it) of saying more as to the wants of that mediæval building. Touching associations have gathered round it, even since it became mine, and one dwells on these. But there are matters which, to some, it is a daily crucifixion to see. To say more would, however, appear as though one desired to use this page as a means of publishing an appeal for aid in Restoration. And even after all these years of affection for this Magazine, I am aware that the Editor would not suffer that. To prevent misapprehension, let it be said that money is not lacking. It is something quite different: of which nothing now. Even as things are, an enthusiast in Gothic art can cleave to one consolation. It is of a simple character; and may be briefly said. *Any wealthy Philistine can build a beautiful church. But no human power can build a church near eight centuries old.*

It has been said, early in this Dissertation, that when a mortal man is placed under the pressure (heavier here than need be) of actually conducting the worship of this church, one never remarks the Archbishop's statue; never remarks the gleam of sunshine which casts glory (glancing white or blazing red) where commonly there is none. But let not the young cleric, as yet inexperienced, fancy that when such mind as he has is anxiously taken up by higher things, he will be raised to a region in which he will be sublimely unconscious of lesser matters. Just the reverse is sometimes the case. Just when under that terrible pressure (days have been when no gentler adjective would serve), one has discerned little irritative things with an awful vividness. We live here in a region where for three hundred years education has been universal; the parish school has been set down beside the

parish church everywhere. And on a Sunday, in a place like this, every mortal listens with silent and intelligent attention to every word of the sermon : that is, unless the sermon be (what it seldom is in these parts) incapable of being listened to. Preachers who cannot preach at all have ever fewer opportunities here of holding forth. There is a dead hush, in which the proverbial pin may be heard to fall, from first to last : and the preacher is stimulated by seeing how sharply his meaning is grasped and apprehended ; if not always sympathised with. The preacher, too, though seeing the congregation only generally, and as a unit of multitude, is instinctively aware whether or not he is carrying attention on. If this be not so, he is no preacher. But when, with advancing years, the season comes wherein the once near-sighted divine takes to spectacles and instantaneously becomes preternaturally keen of vision, evil follows. Now, the individual faces are severally discerned. And one stupid, inattentive countenance, painfully conspicuous, is, as the fly in the ointment, as the black spot on the white robe. It obtrudes itself. It will not become invisible. It distracts and irritates the speaker. And irritation is fatal to sympathetic oratory. Whatever you do, do not get angry. Now and then a cleric, who has not learned that primary lesson that *not a syllable must ever be spoken from the pulpit in anger*, breaks wildly forth upon the people, makes a fool of himself, and destroys the hope of doing good to anybody for that day. No doubt one ought only to feel pity for a public instructor to whom has been assigned the burden of a too-sensitive nervous system. The nervous system cannot, indeed, be too sensitive in the direction of pathos : but towards wrath it must not go an inch. A preacher of real ability, thus hindered, was preaching one winter day to a strange congregation : I mean a congregation of strangers. It was an inclement season ; and much coughing was heard. Few things are more provoking than volleys or dropping shots of coughing. For it need not be. People will not cough if they are interested. But the only legitimate way of stopping their coughing is by interesting them. And I well know regions where, in bleakest of frost and snow, a cough is never heard. This good man became more and more infuriated as the sounds went on which showed that nobody was listening to him. At last, in a frenzy, he burst forth, *Either this is the most diseased, or the most impudent congregation I ever preached to*. The result was too painful for further narration. As Wordsworth has justly remarked, *We cannot bid the ear be still*. But, to a certain measure,

we may train ourselves not to see. That is indeed a difficult attainment: and to some, impossible. For, as the same great poet observes, *The eye* (in some people), *it cannot choose but see*. Vividly do I remember Dean Alford of Canterbury exclaiming, 'Be thankful you don't remark individual faces in the congregation.' Then he went on to tell of his own sufferings through too keen vision: saying that while in the pulpit of Canterbury Cathedral delivering (reading) his sermon, he could not help separately noticing each face in the crowded congregation on a Sunday afternoon. Even if attentive, the faces distracted his attention. And one here and there, hopelessly without intelligence or interest, exercised a cross-influence of a grievous kind.

Here let something parenthetical be intercalated in the severe process of the argument. I have ventured to say that in the oratorical temperament, the nervous system cannot be too sensitive in the direction of pathos. All your hearers will feel will be a faint reflection of what you have yourself felt. And the most vociferous bellowing will never pass off on the plainest folk as the expression of real feeling. That cannot be simulated with the smallest success. But, remembering this, I acknowledge that the test of all oratorical expedients is the Philistine one, *Whether or not they succeed*. There never was greater orator than Guthrie. I have not had opportunity to hear Demosthenes; and Brougham's published declaration that he never swayed an English mob as he did when literally translating to them from Demosthenes, drew, in my hearing, from another Lord Chancellor, the remark, *That's humbug*. But Guthrie's way to all hearts (including that of Mr. Thackeray) was short and sure. It was Guthrie's intense capacity of feeling which made him the grand orator he was: he spoke not without tears. Mark, however, when Guthrie wept, his hearers wept too. That was the test. I have known another preacher, who cried a great deal more than Guthrie ever did. But when he cried, *the congregation laughed*. Wherefore he was a failure.

I am approaching what I desire to say. There, in that huge edifice where the Archbishop's statue kneels, I lately beheld one stolid, hopeless countenance. It was that of a total stranger: that of a man belonging to what is commonly called the *Upper Class*. The most hopelessly stupid and inattentive faces I have ever spoken to, were of very considerable worldly place. But when, a day gone by, I beheld that visitor gaping about, very restless, plainly not thinking of something else but thinking of



nothing at all, an awful exception in the midst of an attentive throng (he had not even come to church out of curiosity, but merely because he was staying with people who came), the words of Johnson came back to me. The name he uttered matters not: let us say Snooks. 'Why, sir, Snooks is dull, naturally dull: but he must have worked very hard before he became as stupid as he is. No, sir: God never made any man as stupid as Snooks is now.' *Nemo repente fuit turpissimus*, says the ancient adage: and it might have added that nobody attains of a sudden to the highest degree of any quality, good or bad. Ere that well-dressed and good-looking stranger could have presented himself in that conspicuous pew, looking as blank of understanding as he did, he must for many years have gone to church without the faintest thought of listening to one word of the discourse addressed to him. He had been diligently trained not to attend. You need not think, dear Doctor Hamish, not even you, to catch that man up: no, not by any art whatsoever: that is to say, not by any permissible to an educated man. I have no doubt at all that if you met that mortal on the street and addressed a sentence to him, he would follow it and take it in. But not here. And he is a type of many, in certain quarters of this earth. Which is a painful reflection. I have entered into edifices in which such as he were the rule. And it was not their fault. It was their deplorable misfortune. A year or two of enforced attendance there would have made anybody even such. No mortal could listen to the dismal material which was spoken. And a habit of listless vacancy was formed which not Doctor Liddon nor Doctor Macgregor could break through at a first hearing.

Then on the other hand a habit may be formed of painfully close attention: attention which cannot be withdrawn at will. I vividly remember hearing (in my boyhood) a venerable Judge of the Supreme Court speaking in severe terms of the awful torture he endured when he attended his parish kirk. His words were to this effect: I think I can give them almost as spoken. 'I have been trained for many years to listen with the closest attention to the arguments of the counsel who plead before me: and I have got so into the habit of listening intently to all that is said to me, that I can't withdraw my attention from that Blockhead's sermons.' *Blockhead* was the word used. 'I am compelled,' the Judge went on, 'to concentrate my whole mind upon all he says: and it is such Rubbish.' Then he added something that sounded in my boyish ear like *Anathema sit*. One has forgotten many

things better worth remembering. But in these latter days, one is startled by the clearness, as if heard yesterday, with which sayings come back from the *Auld Lang Syne*.

Let it be said too, that not stupidity is the hardest thing for a speaker to get through. Give Guthrie any mortal, not truly an idiot, for a few successive Sundays, and at the end of these that mortal would be listening, open-mouthed. Give time; and you may educate the dullest. But there is no rational creature so hard to get to attend to you as a very clever man who is a great deal too busy. For he is thinking intently of something else; and his mind is encased in mail which can turn off all oratorical expedients. I once, many years since, sat close to a great Chief-Justice while an eminent preacher was going on with his discourse, which I remember was very dull. It was a keen face, intellectually-beautiful, the face of the lawyer: and he looked straight at me. But I could have taken my oath that he neither remarked my presence, nor heard one syllable of what was being said. His mind was strained to the top of its bent, anxiously thinking of something else. That I plainly saw. Not that it was his way. The time came wherein, on many days, I beheld him listening as intently to a Scotch sermon as though it had been an argument in a case involving great interests spoken by Mr. Mantrap, Q.C. Probably the most overdriven of men are the Bishops of certain enormous dioceses. I have remarked that such have almost lost the power of fixing their attention upon anything that does not concern their proper work. As for that, they are sharp as needles. But it so engrosses them, so withdraws them from everything else, that they will read through a letter and at the end not know what it was about. They will peruse a leading article in the *Times*: and if it say nothing of episcopal non-attendance in the House of Lords or the like, they will not remember a word of it when they are done. They can listen benignantly to a long story, yet not take in a syllable. Thus they lighten the burden of their anxious lives.

But this weather is grievous. It is Monday morning now, and the Equinox, the *Vernal Equinox*, is hard by. The name is musical in many ears; but the thing is sometimes a hollow mockery of human expectation. White and deep, everywhere, the snow lies to-day; for a little space, now and then, the thick flakes come whirling down, as when one was a boy. But they fall untimely, now the yellow crocuses look through the earth's white-covering; and the living shoots of the flowering currants are laden-

down with snow. Last evening it was a howling storm; and the heavy sleet melted dismally as it fell. A church well-known to the writer, usually very full at every evening service, showed unwonted blanks: void of intelligence as the stupid face under the Archbishop's statue. And, whereas a friend, strange to this place, and of strong musical sympathy, had come to hear the hearty music, the diminished choir was by no means at its best. So things happen here. Not always, indeed. One has known the stranger find things at their very best. Somewhere else (we trust), in a region where Goethe specially asseverates that *there shall be no more snow*, they will be so continually.

A. K. H. B.

## *Uncle Pierce.*

BY CHARLES BLATHERWICK.

### CHAPTER X.

#### A BUNCH OF FEATHERS.

**A**FTER dinner I went to Mill House; Beccy the wise admitted me absolutely without a word, as before, though she stood grim and silent till she saw me clear out of it into the garden, and then kept a lynx eye on me through the glass door.

I began to loathe the place! No matter what the day was, it seemed as if a breath of wind never by any chance got inside it, and that the flowers drooped their heads for want of it. I strolled down to the river. It was still and muddy. Rats swam across it leaving tracks of light behind them; big fish moved lazily about with their back fins out of water, and a thin veil of mist hung on the surface.

Miss Carrie was in no hurry. The twilight was falling when she appeared. I could scarcely believe my eyes. Yes, it was Carrie, but Carrie metamorphosed. Her black dress was bedecked with lavender-coloured ribbons, a big red rose was in her breast, and a straw hat on her head. There was a spice of coquetry about her, as alarming as it was surprising. Instead of a thunderplump I got a smile, instead of being hauled over the coals for breaking my promise I was greeted with a laugh.

She began at once. Lettie had told her she had been altogether mistaken in me. She was sorry. I must forgive her writing that note. I must forgive her everything; yes, everything; even for being so brusque, so rude, so suspicious at Bordeaux. How her father had laughed at my being so determined to meet her there; after seeing her just once on the concert stage too! It was a thing one reads of but never believes.

Then for five or ten minutes she rattled on about Bordeaux, but in a way so utterly unlike herself that at first I suspected she had primed herself with one of her father's doses.

'I want to talk with you about your father, Carrie,' I said.

'Yes, we will talk about him first, Henry.'

'He should go away at once.'

'I suppose that would be the best.'

'Of course it would. He has some horrible trouble—I don't ask what it is. Don't tell me. Get him away.'

'He is expecting you to prescribe for him.'

'That is a small matter. He has only to reduce the laudanum drop by drop; once away he will pull himself together. Paul spoke of Spain.'

'Dear Paul always has a Spanish castle! He is an oddity! Have you found out his pet weakness for flowers? He and Lettie have the same craze. D'ye know, when he was laid up with his broken leg Becy could only keep him quiet by having two or three pots of growing plants in his room, and she had to hide them every time the doctor came. I suppose we are all shamefaced about our little weaknesses—I wonder what yours is? Flowers?' and with this she snatched the rose from her breast, and gave it me with a flash from her dark eyes.

'Have you arranged about his going?' I asked gravely; 'there is no time to lose.'

'I'll do just as you wish. I shall be able to manage it soon.'

'It can be managed now, at once. Take this money and get him away to-morrow.'

'I can't take your money now, Henry. Don't ask me. By-and-by, perhaps—'

'By-and-by may be too late.'

'Oh, no! I'm happy about that now. Besides, I have money, and shall have more. I have a deal to be thankful for.'

'And something to be frightened at?'

'Not now. I know you are ready to help. You'll help my father, I know.'

'I have told you so, and I tell you again. Try me!'

'I will! It is this. I want to calm him, to keep him quiet till he does go. The only way to do this is through *his* little weakness. If you were to interest yourself in his hobby now (not flowers this time!) it would soothe him. If you were to take up that Early English blue-and-white craze. It sounds ridiculously childish, but you know how a sick man lays hold of these childish

things. If you took that up he would trust you implicitly. His mind is so full of it.'

'Of course I'll do that, but the thing is to get him away.'

'Yes, and keep him quiet till he does go. This china mania is the only thing that calms him now. He puts it before anything; he talks of nothing else. You'd win his heart if you took it up and got him some fresh specimens. It is childish, but it is true.'

'I could go over to Southampton to-morrow and pick up something.'

'Do! But you must go farther afield. The very best specimens, as he will tell you, are to be found in the old farmhouses, cottages, and villages all along the coast. Your hunt would give you no end of adventures, and your letters would arouse him. Upon my word it will be the saving of him! He will take an interest in life again.'

'I'll do my best,' I said coldly.

'I'm sure you will. You'll start to-morrow morning?'

'To-morrow! that is rather sudden, Carrie!'

'You said yourself there was no time to lose. You will do it for my sake. We shall have a deal to talk about when you come back; I shall have my wits about me then. Ah, Henry! how odd it would be if we were the first to heal the old grievance. Come in, and speak to my father.'

It was getting late. The sun had suddenly popped down behind the crazy old house, making it stand out like a purple monster, the mist was beginning to distort the distant trees, and the birds were twittering loudly. Carrie's gaiety seemed as unreal and fantastic as the rest, and I was glad to get the interview over.

'You have never spoken to me of your mother, Carrie,' I said as we reached the house.

'I never speak of her,' she replied, paling a little. 'My father takes all my time. *We have a deal to be thankful for.*'

And with this cold-blooded remark she ushered me into the house and down a couple of steps into a low ill-lighted room, where we found my worthy uncle busily labelling some china saucers. He had been brushed up for the occasion. He had on a dress suit, his hair had been clipped and brushed, and as he tripped jauntily across the room in a pair of patent-leather pumps, he looked for all the world like some brokendown M.C. bent on making a conquest. His evening suit looked as much out of place there as did the fine Oriental punchbowls that were studded about that squalid room.



'So you two have made it up?' he cried joyously; 'that is as it should be! Didn't I tell you it would come all right, Henry? eh?'

'And he is going to look after that Early English for you, father,' said Carrie. 'There's news for you! What do you think of that?'

'The very thing I have been longing for!' he cried, rubbing his hands together. 'Buy every bit you clap your eyes on. You can't go wrong. I'll put you up to it. When do you start?'

'To-morrow morning,' said Carrie promptly, with a swift look at me.

'Upon my word, I've half a mind to buckle to and go with him.'

'You forget, father——'

'Oh, yes! preparations and all that sort of thing you mean. I know! But mind you, this is worth a little risk.'

'You must not think of it!'

'But look here,' said he, walking about excitedly, 'no one can manage this sort of business like me—you know that. I can spot a likely house in a jiffey. I don't want to go inside to see what sort of stuff is in it. Not I! Just show me the house, Harry, and I'll bet you what you like I'll tell you whether it holds Oriental or English. I've done it dozens of times, and I'll do it again! Yes, Carrie, I'll risk it. Don't shake your head at me. I shall be safe enough with him, and he'll be my banker. There's time to make a couple of hundred. Besides, we can't flit till Blackett is squared. Wait a bit, though! What's to prevent your slipping away and picking me up somewhere down the coast? By George, that's a splendid idea!'

So splendid was it that he quickened his tramp up and down the long room utterly oblivious to his daughter's attempted warnings. When he began about the boat, though, she took his arm and withered him up with a look that sent him all of a heap into the nearest chair. There he sat glaring at us with bloodshot eyes, his trim get-up and pointed pumps only making the collapse more pitiable.

'Brandy!' he gasped out, and brandy must have been near at hand, for before I could look round Carrie had poured him out a full stiff bumper. She had to put it to his lips too. His own poor thin hands quivered so much that he could not help himself.

She whispered something in his ear as she leaned over him. Then—seeing that I noticed the action—said promptly, 'I was telling him you would speak to him about the laudanum.'

'What about laudanum?' he asked, gulping down the brandy. 'We were talking about Early English.'

‘Don’t you remember I promised to prescribe for you?’ said I.

‘To be sure. But you’ll find me a tough customer—a hardened sinner. Half an ounce a day, Harry!’

‘Well, all you have to do is to take a drop less each dose. That’s simple enough.’

‘A drop less each dose! By Jove, that’s an idea! Let me see. Give me a bit of paper, Carrie. Half an ounce is, say, 240 drops. Then two drops a day less. Why, in a little over four months I should be taking none. Simplicity itself! It has all the charm of old Worcester. Harry, my boy, you’ve saved me! Don’t forget the blue-and-white though. Ah, by-and-by, when you see me in dear old dirty Spain, you’ll see me a different man. You’ll see what they think of your uncle Pierce, my boy. By degrees, too, you’ll fit into my place, and take half the work off my hands. We will—’

‘We will begin measuring the dose to-morrow, father,’ said Carrie, cutting him short with another look. ‘Harry will say good-night now. He will write full directions and send them to us before he goes.’

With this palpable hint I bid him good-night, and followed her out of the room.

In a moment she was all smiles. ‘You have been very good to us,’ she said.

‘You had better think again about this money,’ said I.

‘No, no!’ she replied, as she opened the front door for me. ‘By-and-by, perhaps, but not now. It has all been too sudden. I can hardly believe it! Don’t press me, Henry! Write before you start in the morning, and write every day when you are away. Good-bye! good-bye! You have been a godsend to us!’

She turned her face up to me, and as I kissed her pale cheek, there over her shoulder I caught sight of Uncle Pierce glaring at us from the parlour door, and Beccy standing like a sentry at the foot of the stairs.

The next moment the door closed in my face. Again I felt that I had come off second best in the interview; but who in this wide world could have dreamed of her unaccountable change of front? her sudden show of affection, her cold-blooded chatter, and utter indifference to the grave position of her father?

The kiss I had given her made me shudder, and the scent of the rose so reminded me of her poisonous garden that I threw it away before I got ten yards from the house.

Uncle Pierce! How any man with such an awful future before him could give his mind to ‘old English blue-and-white’ was astounding. It was simply incredible that any amount of morphia

could have produced such a state of moral insensibility. As to the crockery hunt, that was simply a dodge of Miss Carrie's to get rid of me. Plain enough, that. She hated me, and didn't care two straws what she did to get me out of the way.

The worst of the outlook was that whatever I did to help her seemed to build a stronger barrier between me and Lettie. But come what may, Lettie should never drift from me. Never! I would have it out at once with her and hear my fate. The very next day I would put an end to all uncertainty and hesitation. I was up betimes, drove over to Southampton, picked up some wretched bits of crockery, and sent them off to Carrie when I got back, with a note telling her I should stop on at Broxford till I saw her out of her trouble.

This done I posted off to Willow Bank. Looks of surprise met me on all sides. Lettie was equipped for walking.

'We thought you had gone away,' said she, flushing a little.

'Ay! and thought it uncommonly odd too!' her father growled from behind his paper. 'To sheer off without a word to one of us was, to say the least of it, queer.'

'Some mistake,' murmured Mrs. Maxton.

'Very much of a mistake,' said I. 'What on earth put that in your head, sir?'

'Carrie's letter. What else?' he replied. 'There's no mistake about *that* anyhow. Show him the letter, Lettie.'

'Oh, there was not much in the letter,' said Lettie confusedly, 'it was only to say you were going away. Going on some business of theirs, she said.'

'She said a deal more than that,' he rejoined testily. 'Show him the letter, child. Show him the letter!'

But Miss Lettie was an uncommonly long time finding this same letter. She fidgeted and fumbled about her little basket, and I never once took my eyes off her nimble hands. Lucky, right lucky it was I did not! If I had lost sight of her taper fingers I should have missed something that sent the blood to my face, and gave me such a wild thrill of delight that for a moment or two the room span round me.

It was only a glance—only a flash—but quick as it was I could swear to the black glossy little bunch of curved feathers that she tumbled over with her thimbles, reels of cotton, and other nick-nackeries of her work. By an effort I managed to look innocent when she handed me the note.

'Read it out, Master Harry,' cried her father. 'Read it out, and let us see about this wonderful mistake.'

Accordingly I read :

'Dearest Lettie,—At last I have got my letter from abroad, and now shall have a little time to attend to you, dear. The house is in such a pickle that I won't ask you to come here, but I'll come to you some evening soon. Henry came last night. Most kind.

'He started early this morning on some private business of ours, and I don't expect he will be back for some time. *You were quite right.* He was eager to go.—Your affectionate CARRIE.'

'No mistake about *that*, at all events!' he said, with a triumphant look at his sister.

'I'm not going. Never intended to go,' said I, tossing the letter on the table.

'Another mystification, I suppose!' and off he went for the solace of a cheroot. Lettie had slipped away while I was reading the letter, so there I was alone with Mrs. Maxton.

'It *was* a mistake. I can see that.' She began taking up her work as if she meant business.

'Or something worse,' said I, not in the best of tempers.

'Don't you think the time is come, Henry, for you to make an end of all this misunderstanding?'

'I do! I intend to make an end of it! This very day, too; Mrs. Maxton. I am going to tell Lettie what I told you. Do you wish me luck?'

'With all my heart!' she cried, jumping up and giving me a kiss. 'Remember what I told you, Henry. Lettie is headstrong. She will do exactly what she thinks right and nothing will stop her. She goes among the children up at the hill there with their measles and their scarlet fevers, say what we will. She has her own way of looking at things, and God takes care of her.'

'Has she gone to the hill now?' I asked impatiently.

'Yes.'

The next moment I was tearing through the village towards Penney's farm.

The mere sight of those poor insignificant little feathers had given me such a fillip that they seemed to have expanded into wings and lifted me above my fellow mortals. I trod on air and saw nothing. Perhaps if I had been less in these golden clouds, I should have noticed old Dan's altered look as he turned out of Mill Street with a hamper slung over his shoulders. But scowls and frowns were lost on me just then. The world was a paradise, and I was hurrying off to the brightest spot on it.

Right well I knew the place! 'Twas but a mile from the village. There was the schoolhouse, and there I found her with her class.

Every little eye and mouth opened to its very fullest when I dashed in. Lettie crimsoned to the very roots of her hair, for she read my mission in my face. How could I hide it?

So before the children had time to scuttle off at her quick command, I was by her side telling her my long pent-up story in an incoherent avalanche of words, and flourishing the feathery souvenir before her eyes.

Never before, I'll be bound, was an open declaration made with a whole bevy of giggling children huddled together within earshot. What I said I don't know; nobody knows. But I remember to this day Lettie's old frank smile as she put her hand in mine, and my thrill of exultation as I drew her towards me and gave her my first kiss. From that moment I walked into a new life. The world seemed fairer. The dingy schoolhouse was glorified into a palace, and the crowd of unwashed faces in the porch into so many cherubs attendant on Madonna Lettie. I made my way through them as happy as a king, and walked off towards the village with my queen by my side.

'Harry,' she said to me as we went along, '*I thought it was Carrie!*'

'I always thought it was Lettie!' said I. 'I have thought so ever since we left Druffie. You crept into my heart then, and there you have been ever since. Ah, Lettie! where are those feathers?'

'But you were upset about her the other evening?' she persisted.

'About her father, Lettie! There's a big trouble hanging over him.'

'Never mind! Everything must and shall be put right now.'

'Your father will never believe me when I talk to him about you.'

'He will believe me,' she replied simply.

And she was right! Fireworks were no use after she had spoken. He made the best of it. 'Tis true the blue glasses raked me severely from the top of his head, but there was a mild glow about them, and his words were as milk and honey. He had nothing to say against it. Lettie had chosen. It was for her happiness, and that was enough. 'You may commission a ship,' he sang out in his quarterdeck voice, 'and appoint the right sort of man for captain, but you can't do that with a marriage. You are out of your reckoning there! There is some one bigger than any

Lord of the Admiralty who looks after that. I can hardly believe that you two have been thinking of each other ever since Druffie, but Lettie says it is so, and so it must be. To tell the truth, I thought it was Carrie!’

‘Nonsense!’

‘So be it! But now you have settled your own business, just set to work and clear out that rat-hole in Mill House. I haven’t said much about it, but these mystifications worry me.’

Nothing worried *me*! I was elated enough just then to make light even of Pierce Danning’s terrible trouble. In the very joy of my heart I sat me down and dashed off two letters. One to Carrie telling her we would all pull together now, and another to Mrs. Dent Fraser, telling her little enough about the poor Dannings, but a deal about my new happiness and Lettie.

My darling had lifted me on to that pleasant tableland where I could look backwards or forwards with equal complacency.

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## CHAPTER XI.

### TWO ARRIVALS.

I COULD snap my fingers at the world now! An angry letter from Mrs. Dent Fraser did not disturb me one bit. Angry it was, though! ‘I had broken my promise to her and nigh broken her heart by neglecting the Dannings. She would come to Broxford and see to it herself.’ Lettie, too, had had a letter from her. I did not see it, but it seemed to upset her in a most unaccountable manner.

One morning I found her looking very glum indeed. Carrie had suddenly moved out of her shell and signified her intention of spending the evening at Willow Bank. Strange to say, this upset Lettie all the more.

‘Don’t you see, dear,’ said I, putting my arm round her, ‘that everything is happening for the very best? The old lady is coming for the express purpose of learning to love you in your own nest here. She will make friends with Carrie, and there will be a grand handshake all round.’

‘Mrs. Fraser used to be very bitter against Carrie and her father.’

‘Weathercock gone clean round! All t’other way now. She wants to be friendly and means it. Why, she has left some of her



money to them, and asked me to come here and make it up with Carrie.'

I thought so from her letter,' she said wearily. 'I wonder if she has written to Carrie?'

'Written to Carrie! That would be a strange proceeding!'

'Everything is strange, Harry! Carrie is quite unlike herself. She was in wild spirits this morning. Poor Captain Pierce will hardly look any one in the face, and old Paul has grown vicious. He would——'

'Paul doesn't count!' I laughed. 'Come out and get some colour in your cheeks. I want you to look your best before Carrie this evening.'

She wouldn't come, though. Pleaded headache. Scarce spoke a word or touched a morsel at dinner, and depressed us all. Oddly enough too, though Carrie was expected in the evening, her name was never once mentioned. I talked about Mill House, but not one of them opened their lips about her visit there that morning. Later on, though, when the servant brought in the tea-things and pulled down the blinds, the old gentleman looked up suddenly, and pushing back his glasses said—

'I suppose your friend Carrie does not intend to come after all, Lettie?'

'I don't know what's detaining her,' she replied.

'I'll go and see,' said I, jumping up, glad of the chance of some action, and determined that Miss Carrie should not be playing fast and loose any more.

The night was so warm that I ran down as I was, unhitched the boat, and pushed her quietly up to the Mill House garden. Barely had I made her snug before I became aware of a tall grey figure on the path before me. At first I thought it was one of the big dead sunflowers swaying to and fro in the gloom; directly I saw it was a woman, though, I shouted 'Carrie' and made after her. Instead of turning she moved quickly towards the house. Had she kept the path I should have caught her, but at the corner of the lawn she made a short cut through the yews and so reached the garden door some ten paces in front of me. I could see she wore a grey dress, with a shawl or covering of the same material over her head. I could not stand this nonsense, so dashed in after her, and followed her up the first flight of stairs. On the landing, however, she darted into a dark passage, and as I stopped Uncle Pierce suddenly appeared at the doorway. He had on his old greasy black clothes, his face was pale as death and his eyes glittered with rage.

‘What do you want?’ he cried.

‘I want to speak to Carrie. I followed her upstairs. She is expected at the Harleighs.’

‘Ha! ha! a lie! A lie worthy of a Dent! We know you now, nephew Henry. Fine sport it was for you, but we were only scotched, my boy, not killed. Hi! Paul! Paul!’

‘Coming, master,’ and as he spoke I heard his heavy tread on the stairs behind me.

‘Devil Dent at last!’ Uncle Pierce gasped, as Paul reached the top step.

‘In the wrong box this time!’ Paul added with an ugly grin.

‘Now, Paul,’ said I, as he stared at me, ‘you had better look after your master. I came to fetch Miss Carrie.’

‘Hear how he lies,’ said my uncle; ‘said he would go for the Old English, and brought back a bit of twopenny Dutch delf!’

‘Master,’ said Paul, unsheathing the knife I had taken back to him, ‘listen to me! It is as plain as a pikestaff. We must put an end to this now or never! He’s found out, and there’s no cause for shilly-shally.’

‘Will you call Carrie, Uncle Pierce?’

‘Call Carrie!’ he echoed; ‘hear him, Paul!’

‘I hear him,’ said Paul, scornfully; ‘he takes us for a couple of fools. But there’s no time for talk, master. What shall we do with him?’

‘Out of the way, Paul!’ said I, making a step towards him.

‘No, you don’t!’ he cried, brandishing the knife before me. ‘Bide where you be; bide where you be, and you’ll come to no harm. Look here, master, he’s come a step too far to go back.’

Uncle Pierce nodded.

‘And that being the case, here he must bide till such a time as suits us.’

Another nod from Uncle Pierce.

‘I take it, master, he’d be safe in the upper attic alongside of Beccy?’

‘The very place, Paul!’

‘Lead the way, then, Captain, and we’ll follow. Now Master Dent! you’re found out. March!’

A nice fix this! In front of me my wild uncle looking like a stage villain, and behind me old Paul brandishing his knife as if he intended to use it. Luckily at that moment there was a quick step in the hall below, and as the old man peeped over the banister I darted at haphazard into one of the side rooms that opened on to the landing.

'All right, master!' chuckled Paul, as he turned the key on me; 'Mr. Rat is trapped nicely.'

'What is it?' said a man's voice from the stairs.

'Devil Dent,' replied my uncle, 'stole in through the garden while Carrie was away.'

'We've trapped him!' said Paul.

'Open the door, Paul,' said the new comer quietly.

The voice was familiar, but in the hurry skurry I failed to recognise it. I had no notion of trusting myself to their tender mercies, though. So as Paul turned the key on his side I shot the bolt home on mine.

I had looked at the house so often that I could take my bearings pretty correctly. I was immediately over the sitting-room, where I had had my memorable interview with Carrie and her father. The windows through which the light glimmered looked out upon the garden, and the snake-like wistaria that wound about them would make a capital ladder. Not a very heroic way out of it, but what could be done, with a couple of madmen waiting to lay hands on you?

Old Paul was beginning to shove away at the door, so I felt my way across the room, opened the window, and quietly stepped out on to the creeper. It was not quite so easy to get down as I thought. In the dark, I had a difficulty in finding foothold, and so slimy and slippery were the branches, that almost at the first step I lost hold altogether, and fell scrambling on to the gravel path with a twisted ankle.

'Are you hurt, Mr. Dent?'

I knew the voice now.

'Monsieur Marin!' I cried, jumping up in spite of the pain.

'Are you hurt?' he repeated, seeing that I limped.

'I have sprained my ankle; but as you are here, M. Marin, perhaps you will see that old Paul and my uncle behave like sage beings.'

'We will talk about that; come into the house. You will need some soap and water first.'

So I did. My hands were covered with green slime, there was a splotch of it on my shirt-front, and a big rent in my coat. With Beccy's aid, though, I managed to make myself presentable. Then Marin said:

'After all that has passed you can hardly be surprised at your reception, Mr. Dent.'

'I don't quite see that,' I replied. 'I brought the boat up for Carina. Saw her in the garden and ran in after her.'

‘Rebecca probably.’

‘The woman I saw wore a grey dress. Beccy wears a black one.’

‘It may have been Cariña,’ he said with a shrug. ‘I thought she was at Captain Harleigh’s. It does not much matter. You can’t possibly be surprised at your reception after having deceived both her and her father.’

‘I am scarcely responsible to you, Monsieur Marin.’

‘To whom then are you responsible? To the sick man who is now too ill to be responsible for his actions? So ill that he is Cariña’s constant care. You may remember, Mr. Dent, what I said to you at Bordeaux: that “there were some who watched her safety very closely;” well, that is what has brought me here.’

He was aggravatingly bumptious—he had some of Carrie’s theatrical airs—but he was cool.

I would be cool too.

‘Well, Monsieur Marin,’ I said, ‘you have given a strong proof of your friendship by coming all this way. I, too, have been trying to show Carrie that she has a friend in me.’

‘By breaking your word, and refusing the only slight favour she asked of you, Mr. Dent!’

‘It was a nonsensical and childish thing to ask. Matters are too serious for trifling. There is trouble here, and I should like to help them out of it.’

‘Impossible!’

‘Why?’

‘Dent and Danning! Two parallel lines, Mr. Dent, that can never meet if they run on to eternity. No! the only way to prove your friendship is by showing some consideration for Cariña’s wishes. She has explained to you why she wishes you to go.’

‘I must have a less childish reason before I attend to it, Monsieur Marin.’

‘Perhaps we shall find one,’ he replied.

He spoke politely. Seeing that I limped too, he provided me with a stick and told me that Paul should look after the boat. For all this, though, the covert threat did not escape me.

Mill House was a bigger puzzle than ever, and a new doubt seized me directly he closed the door. His sudden arrival, taken with Miss Carrie’s equally sudden cordiality and high spirits, looked suspicious. There was something sinister about it. Why had she not come as she had promised? She might have slipped out, though, while I was talking to Marin. She might be sowing poison there at that

very moment! and stung by these ugly doubts I hobbled back as fast as I could, and limped into the drawing-room full of misgivings.

She was there, not in sober grey though, but in black velvet, with pearls round her neck and white flowers in her hair.

'Here you are!' she laughed, as if we had parted yesterday on the best of terms. 'I was telling them how you chased me about Bordeaux. I wonder you never told them! Why, it would make a chapter in a novel! Travellers generally make the most of their adventures, too, and it is not every one that gets exalted into a suspect! Oh, he must have told you about the police and Mr. Blount!'

She was acting again, and every soul in the room knew it. Mrs. Maxton sat grimly silent. Poor Lettie looked pale and distressed, and her father was so dumfounded by Carrie's unwonted volubility that he sat staring at her with the blue glasses on the top of his head, the very picture of bewilderment and dismay. Then she offered to sing. We jumped up, and Harleigh opened the piano. I never heard her sing so well; she had that rare gift of subduing and modulating her voice so that it exactly filled the room. Every word and every note came home to us.

What was the secret power of her singing, at one moment moving and delighting you by the pure beauty which it gave to the simplest melody, and in the next overpowering you with its intense pathos? As for the doggerel 'Waly,' I believe to this day she sang it *at* me. At all events it drew all eyes furtively upon me, until at last Harleigh's blue lenses seemed to focus and burn on the ugly splotch on my shirt-front as if I had something there to be ashamed of.

What cared I though, with Lettie by my side? I could defy my slippery cousin now, and when she rose from the piano, her big eyes flashing, and the white flowers in her hair sending a whiff of her sickly garden across the room, I had half a mind to confound her by telling her then and there of my late visit to her house.

It was a relief when she left the room with Lettie to put on her hat. I said as much to Captain Harleigh.

'Confound these mystifications!' he cried, jumping up angrily. 'As you seem to know so much about them, Master Harry, you had better see her home!'

I would! I would give the young lady a bit of my mind too! She was already in the street when I got out of the room, so with a hasty good-night to Lettie I snatched up my hat and hobbled after her. She strode away at such a pace that I had to call after her.

'What do you want?' she asked, turning round.

'I want to tell you you ought to be ashamed of this nonsense. I've seen Monsieur Marin.'

'Well?'

'You have been priming him with this childish Dent and Danning cry. You ought to be ashamed of that too. For heaven's sake, Carrie, leave off this tomfoolery. Think of your father, and take help when it is honestly offered.'

'It is honest to lie, I suppose,' she sneered. 'Honest to try and blind me with the offer of your money, while you are prying and waiting for your spring.'

'All rant and twaddle, Carrie! Clear your mind of it. I've told you a dozen times we want to help you.'

'I don't forget the past.'

'You'll have to forget it and bury it. Mrs. Fraser is not quite so stony-hearted as you, old as she is! She is coming to see you, and put an end to all this nonsense. You can't refuse her hand.'

At Mrs. Fraser's name she started, then came a step nearer, her eyes flashing with rage.

'So she is coming! I knew it! You have timed it well, Henry Dent! But listen! Whatever harm befalls my father you shall pay for! I swear it! and,' with a vicious look towards Willow Bank, '*I know how to strike you now!*'

She raised her voice and lifted up her hand like a tragedy queen as she spoke the last words, and the next moment had disappeared down her gloomy street.

Dannings were dangerous with a vengeance! It was no joke though, for with this morbid hate rankling in her heart there was no saying to what lengths she might go. I did not care for myself, but she would have no sort of compunction in sacrificing Lettie to spite me. For all I knew, my darling's pale face, her silence, and the slight constraint that had cropped up at Willow Bank was the first effect of some underhand work of hers. To reassure myself I hobbled back to Willow Bank for another 'good night.' Lettie had gone to bed though, with a bad headache, so I had to get on to the inn the best way I could, and get Mr. Penney to help me up to my bedroom. He bandaged the damaged foot *secundum artem*, and as he bid me good-night said:

'There's a lady, sir, come to stop a day or two with us. She's gone to bed, but told me to give you her card when you came in.'

He laid it on the bed as he spoke, and I read—

'MISS HARRIETT FRASER,

'2 Merton Grove, Camberwell.'



## CHAPTER XII.

## MISS HARRIETT HAS HER INNINGS.

I SCARCELY slept a wink, a racking pain in the damaged ankle kept me awake, and when awake my thoughts were anything but comforting. I tossed about, getting only the smallest snatch of the sweets of forgetfulness, and woke in the morning with my foot half the size of my head. Up I jumped, but fell back with a groan, not so much on account of the pain as from my being so utterly helpless at the very time I needed to be most active. With Carrie and Marin plotting at Mill House, and Miss Harriett Fraser plotting at the 'Bugle,' who could tell what might happen? I rang the bell for Penney.

'Can you trust me, Penney?' I asked, when he appeared.

'To any amount!' he replied, devouring a bit of his straw.

'I don't mean money ways. You believe I am well disposed towards Captain Pierce?'

'Quite sure on that point, sir! I know all about it. I don't say much, but I keep my eye open.'

'Well, that is just what I want you to do now. Here I am as useless as a log. I am plotting nothing against Captain Pierce, I want to help him, but I want to know what is going on. I don't like Miss Harriett Fraser.'

'Don't wonder at it, Mr. Dent! She doesn't run straight. That's what is wrong. She has been here before, and I know her errand.'

'All right. Please tell her I'll see her after breakfast.'

She came in giggling. 'You never expected to see me, Cousin Henry, I'll be bound, but your aunt, poor thing, is too ill and too upset to take the journey. I am her representative, so mind, sir, you treat me with proper respect. What's the matter?'

'Sprained my ankle.'

'Dear me! The very day I arrive! He! he! what an extremely odd coincidence! How did it happen?'

'I slipped down in the dark.'

She looked incredulous.

'Look at it yourself if you don't believe me.'

She did. She took off the bandages, peered at it, and pulled it about till I winced again.

'Very funny indeed, very funny! and I'm sure your aunt, poor thing, will think so too. She has been very very ill. Jacks says she must keep quiet. This shock was almost too much for her.'

‘What shock?’

‘Your engagement. Sudden enough, in all conscience. Oh, you cunning boy! Never to say a word about Miss Harleigh, and such a lot about your cousin. Your aunt quite made up her mind you were going to marry Cariña. Quite! Had set her heart on it. I could see that with half an eye.

*When a Dent a Danning wed,  
Dent and Danning feud is dead;*

and all that sort of thing. You know the rhyme. So the poor thing was just hanging on to see the squabble ended with a peal of marriage bells, when hey, presto! you upset the applecart. Oh, you have a deal to answer for, you bad flirty boy.’

And here she giggled again and shook her ringlets in the most youthful fashion.

‘I may as well set your mind at rest about this at once,’ said I. ‘I have done my very best with the Dannings, but they will have nothing whatever to do with us. They are going away for good and all. As for Carrie, she hates us like poison, and me in particular.’

‘Lovers’ quarrels are always so tragic,’ she replied with a mock sigh; ‘all about nothing too. I remember my sister and her husband having a desperate set-to. All about an apple pie! One declared you should use a knife, and the other declared you shouldn’t. Talking about knives, I must call on your Spanish cousin. Your aunt expressly wishes it. I hope she won’t stab me!’

‘She won’t see you; and if she does she’ll insult you.’

‘Ah!’ she sighed, ‘I must risk that, as she wants so much to be friendly. I shall go there at once, Henry. In fact I am starting now. I never let grass grow under my feet. I’m pretty sure you have not managed matters there properly. We shall see! Good-bye for the present, and mind, you’ll have to take me to the Harleighs presently.’

‘Impossible! Look at my foot; I can’t budge.’

‘Very well, then. Never mind! I know my way about.’

She did. No woman better. She knew her way into everybody’s business, with the peculiar knack too of showing the seamy side of it.

She would have a tough job with Cariña, and I had a grim pleasure in picturing to myself the duel between them. She

smiling and smirking under her ringlets, and Miss Carrie grandly annihilating her advances.

I was not quite so happy about the visit to the Harleighs; I sniffed danger in that, and determined to put Lettie on her guard. I scribbled her a long letter, beginning with a full account of my visit and stumble of the previous evening, and ending with a caution against Miss Harriett Fraser's affectionate advances. Scarcely was it signed, sealed, and addressed before the lady returned from an unsuccessful attempt to penetrate Mill House.

'A mad house, I should call it,' she panted, plumping down in a chair. 'The wooden woman at the door is touched, I'm sure. Never saw such a creature. Never! I'm not to be done, though! They don't get rid of me so easily as all that. I shall call and write, and write and call, till I get inside the dingy hole; see if I don't! Now for your dear friends the Harleighs. I like things done quickly; I wonder if I shall have any better luck there. Oh, you've been writing, have you? To Her? A letter of introduction, eh?'

'You don't need that.'

'Of course not. Too stiff by half. I'm one of the family, you know. I'll take your letter though, and give a good account of you. I know my way about.'

Off she started again, and this time came back in high feather. The Harleighs received her well. Wanted her to stay there, but for some inscrutable reason she preferred the inn. She went every day though, and every day insisted on taking a note from me. She would playfully give the postman's double knock at my door before starting, skip in for the 'missive,' as she termed it, and walk off with it—with her finger on her mouth.

The days that followed were a tremendous trial of patience. I was hungering for a letter from Lettie, but had to console myself with bare verbal messages through Miss Harriett. Penney came up for a chat occasionally. Told me the points of every horse in his stable, and a little of what was going on outside. The foreign gentleman had paid Captain Danning's remaining debts, and had a carriage from the 'Bugle' every day. The *Folly* was quite ready for sea, but old Paul had the reputation of being such a Tartar that he could not get a crew to sail with him.

Then, wonderful to narrate, Miss Harriett succeeded in getting inside Mill House. Goodness knows how she managed it, but manage it she did, and complacently told me about it two days after over a cup of tea in my room.

'You've bungled it, Henry—there's no hiding it. You've bungled it. But then you're in love. Temporary insanity! I suppose the green-eyed monster kept you quiet about Monsieur Marin? A most superior gentlemanlike person. Why, you never even mentioned his name to the Harleighs. They were surprised. You have got hold of the wrong end of the stick. The Dannings, poor things! their house is almost bare. I had a drive with Monsieur Marin (what charming manners those Frenchmen have), and he told me all about it. They are going for a cruise for poor Cariña's health. Ah! I wonder who is answerable for that. Now I tell you how you could please your aunt. *Go with them.* You are not looking well, and it would set you up. No, Henry, it is *not nonsense*. It would show you took a real interest in them. Lettie is sensible. She does not say much, but there is no littleness about her. I like her for that. I like them all; nice family—free and open. I am going to have a long chat with Lettie presently. Of course going away won't be so very pleasant for you, but we all have to swallow something in the world.' And hereupon she swallowed another cup of tea and went off to Willow Bank.

To my utter astonishment she left Broxford that same evening. Left, too, without saying good-bye or giving me the slightest hint of her intention.

'I drove her over to the station myself,' said Penney, who could not understand it one bit better than I could. 'I took her and some of her luggage up at Captain Harleigh's. I was to tell you she had been called back to London suddenly.'

'I don't like this, Penney,' said I.

'Nor I, Mr. Dent,' he replied. 'I have been in the witness-box and cross-questioned about a horse more than once, but Miss Harriett Fraser beats any one I ever came across. If she don't know her way about, it isn't for the want of asking.'

'Foot or no foot, I must get to Willow Bank to-morrow. Give me your arm while I try my paces.'

It was torture, but I got on better than I expected. Next morning I hobbled off to Willow Bank. Mrs. Maxton was alone; Lettie had gone for a walk, she did not know where. Her father was smoking in the garden.

'What is the matter?' I asked, for there was no mistaking the good lady's altered manner.

'Lettie is not very well,' she replied, 'and her father is upset about it. We did not know what had become of you. *When do you sail?*'

'When do I sail? What do you mean?'

'We heard you were going off with the Dannings for their cruise.'

'That is one of Miss Harriett Fraser's tarradiddles,' I said, angrily.

'She said it was all settled. Of course we thought it odd you had never said one word to us.'

'Now, Mrs. Maxton,' I said, getting up and closing the door, 'something underhand has been going on. I suspected it, now I know it. I must hear every word that woman has said.'

'For goodness' sake, don't look like that, Henry. You frighten me. Dear, dear me, what can I do? Bizzzy! Work!'

'Every word, Mrs. Maxton,' I repeated, as she fell to stitching. 'What has she said about me?'

'Well, Henry, she told us about your aunt, and—and—'

'Go on! go on! Remember I am an older friend than Miss Harriett Fraser. Every word, if you please.'

Then gradually, stitch by stitch, the lie was unravelled. This was it. I had come to Broxford from a burning desire of Mrs. Dent Fraser to put an end to the Dent and Danning feud. So well had I succeeded, too, that I had won Carrie's heart, and to my aunt's intense satisfaction the friendship was to be crowned by our early marriage. Then after a spell of silence—suddenly and without warning—I announced my engagement with Lettie! Thereby I had broken my aunt's heart and driven Carrie desperate.

'Miss Fraser told us all this bit by bit, Henry. I say "we," but it was to Lettie she chiefly spoke. She was very kind and considerate to her. You had never said anything to us about Bordeaux either, so altogether we couldn't make it out.'

So the murder was out! I was not surprised nor much disturbed by it. I had warned Lettie. She was far too sensible to be led away by a plausible lie, and it did not take long to put matters right with the friendly old lady. I began at Bordeaux, and told her the whole story, skipping nothing but my ugly suspicions of Uncle Pierce.

'I see it all now, Henry,' she cried, jumping up and giving me a hearty smack. Now I'll tell you what to do. Go and tell my brother before Lettie comes back. Don't lose a minute. Tell him right off.'

She opened the French window as she spoke, and under cover of the shrubs I crept down and opened fire at once.

'You've been told a pack of lies, sir!' I cried. 'There's not

one word of truth in Harriett Fraser's story. Carrie is nothing to me. No mortal power can make me waver in my allegiance to Lettie. She is dearer to me than my life, and please God my life shall show it !'

He had no time to parley ; I had taken him so unawares and my fire was so strong that he gave in at once

'Wait a bit—wait a bit, Harry. I can't help believing you, but tell me, my boy, weren't you, well—just a little bewitched ? What about Bordeaux ? You struck your flag there. What about that star-gazing business ?'

'I may have lost my head, sir, but not my heart. Lettie is there, and always will be.'

'Well, I am told there are some women who have a glamour and fascination about them that leads all men astray. Carrie may be one for all I know. Anyway she's a riddle, but she has some noble qualities. Lettie ranks her above everybody even now.'

'She is sacrificing herself to her father. That is the long and short of it, sir.'

'It may be so, and mind you, your Uncle Pierce is a fine fellow at heart ! He venerated his wife ; never got over her death. D'ye know, poor as he is, he has never applied to the insurance people for the money ? Poor fellow ! I tell you where it is, Harry, he hasn't yet learned to submit. He hasn't yet learned what your favourite poet calls "the faith that comes of self-control." He can't see and accept that all is ordered for the best. *But he will !* A man who loved his wife as Pierce loved his must see things in their right light sooner or later. Come in to lunch.'

The old gentleman's expression of simple faith came to me like a slap in the face. My cheeks tingled with shame as I walked by his side up to the house. Would that I could have buried my horrible suspicions then and there ; but alas ! every little circumstance strengthened and confirmed them, and Carrie's words, '*You have timed it well, Henry Dent !*' could not be mistaken.'

Lettie had not returned, and we ate our lunch without her. So unusual was this, so utterly unlike Miss Lettie, who never forgot her father's craze for punctuality, that both he and Mrs. Maxton were visibly perturbed. He spilt his soup, snapped at her, and was short with me. Then she stuffed Bismarck with dainty bits from her plate, and he hid his face in the paper. The constraint was so palpable, however, that at last I proposed Mrs. Maxton and I should take the pony chaise and see if she was at the school. We trotted up, but she was not there. 'Had not been there that day,'



so the dirty-faced cherubs informed us. We went on to Posbrooke. 'Not been here for ten days! Too bad of her,' cried the three Crawford girls, standing all of a row, rackets in hand. Not a word could we hear of her anywhere. When we got back, though, her father fluttered a note at us.

'Yes! from Lettie,' he nodded. 'Here it is. "Dear Dad,— I might have to make a little journey, so don't be alarmed if I do not come home to-night." Read it.'

'And gives no address,' cried Mrs. Maxton in blank dismay, after having read it twice.

'Don't you see, Mary!' he cried testily, snatching it back. 'Don't you see she says we are not to be alarmed? Have you no eyes? She says it twice. Did you read the postscript. "Be sure, dear Dad, not to be one bit uneasy about me." That is plain enough, I take it.'

'Extraordinary!'

'Not a bit of it. Just like her. She doesn't want any one to tie her shoe for her like other girls. She can sail her own craft, and sail it straight, you know that. You remember how she bothered you at Dresden walking out by herself. Didn't she go off to Southampton too without saying a word to anybody, just to get a lawyer to defend that poaching fellow up at the schools. She is always doing this sort of thing. I like her to do it. Harry will stop for dinner and have a dummy rubber.' And he bustled out of the room with a comical effort of looking jolly.

Mrs. Maxton sat silently puzzled, but I guessed the truth at once. *Lettie had purposely gone off to be out of the way when the Dannings left.*

Miss Harriett's handiwork. A woman who could lie as deliberately as she had would have no scruple whatever in keeping back or destroying a few letters. She had not delivered mine, and so strengthened her lie.

'She never got a single letter from you! I am quite sure of that,' Mrs. Maxton exclaimed, when I told her my suspicions.

'Very well. Now tell me every place she is likely to go to, and I'll start after her at once.'

'Wait! Let me think. I begin to see the whole affair now. First of all, I'll find out what she has taken with her.' In less than five minutes she came back. 'Nothing but her cloak. Now, Henry, listen. I've an inspiration. *I know where she is, and I'll go after her.*'

'I'll go with you.'

'No, dear, don't do that. You had better be here till the Dannings are away, and you'll take care of my brother. We will just see what the morning post brings, and I will be ready to take the 10 train. Fatigue? Nonsense! I'll be back here by dinner time with Lettie. See if I'm not.'

This was the best plan after all. I felt it would be well for me not to leave Broxford till the Dannings were clear out of it. A stupid idea to suppose that any harm could come to Lettie at their hands; but, stupid as it was, it stuck to me. It was soon settled. Directly the morning post was in I was to be ready to drive Mrs. Maxton to the station, then come back and stay with the old gentleman till she returned. We had our dinner, played our dummy rubber, and I hobbled back to the 'Bugle' in the bright moonlight.

*(To be continued)*

## *At the Sign of the Ship.*

AS this number of the *Ship* is written actually *en voyage*, the reader will perhaps kindly excuse remarks even more than usually desultory. 'Forgive these weak and wandering cries,' confusions of a rainy holiday. Hotels are not places in which any one but Miss Broughton's Professor Forth would venture on a long consecutive work. The Professor of Etruscan has been hardly treated. Why a Professor of Etruscan should collect the fragments of Menander, especially as it has been done already, one can hardly understand. But if Mr. Forth was capable of such concentrated attention in a hotel bedroom, and with an unsympathetic wife trampling on his Tertullian, I am sorry he died to make two lovers respectable. For my own part, I find Moncrief's *Histoire des Chats* a more than sufficiently difficult book to deal with in similar distressing circumstances.

\* \* \*

He who fled England in March, escaped, perhaps, the horns and hoofs of the Blizzard, but not the tail of the animal. The tail, in Italy, is taking the shape of more rain. The Arno has nearly risen over the bridges; a disgusting spectacle is this waste of a good flood. If we could have the spate in August, and in a salmon river, then there would be some fun in it. But of the dirty Arno, as of other Italian streams, we may say with the poet, 'she wunna fusch.' There are tempting streams in the Riviera, streams which Nature has provided with trout, and which run *antiquos subterlabentia muros*, under the ancient walls of Dolci Aqua. But it is not worth while to take a rod. The native sportsmen are said to poison, shoot, and dynamite the fish, as if they were Czars or Irish Secretaries. This is no place for politics, and I would not hurt a candid reader's feeling by saying one word against the most Robust modern methods of argument. But to

employ dynamite and poison against trout in a clear stream strikes one as advanced, almost too progressive in fact.

\* \* \*

The Englishman on his travels is cheered not only by the presence of troops of his countrymen and countrywomen, but by French caricatures of these worthy ladies. The *Vie Parisienne* has been diverting its readers with sketches of 'The swallows of the Riviera,' the English swallows who do not make a summer of the bitter year. Some of the drawings are telling enough. Here is the young woman who writes a voluminous correspondence in the open air. This is part of our astonishing unabashedness. People not only write their letters, but read them out loud in public, at *tables d'hôtes*, across the chicken, the salad, and the rosbif. I have heard a letter promulgated at dinner, in which a multitude of strangers were informed how 'Charley has found Religion' (only it was a more sacred name), 'and cannot contain himself for happiness.' Can one imagine a more private and confidential piece of news than this? and all the guests of a big hotel could hear it, and were probably meant to hear it. Another of the French caricaturist's 'swallows' is the lady who lends you books, and says, 'Have you read this?' 'Have you read that?' She is forty-five, and nobody in her case has done what Keats did not want to do—married a novel, and been given away by a poem. 'L'Hirondelle Mélomane' answers kindly to the prayer, 'Oh, play Chopin! oh, play Mendelssohn!' on the hotel piano. 'L'Hirondelle Préraphaélisme' is not at all like our preraphaelite female type, but rather resembles the old tract-distributing young woman of Leech's date, in fact the artist of *La Vie Parisienne* is very ungallant, and as Anglophobe as M. Guy de Maupassant. The artist of the *Journal Amusant*, on the other hand, makes our sisters marvels of loveliness, more so, perhaps, than even a patriot is likely to find them when on their travels. By the way, M. Guy de Maupassant, if English girls 'smell of indiarubber,' as you declare, when abroad, it is because they carry tubs of indiarubber, and they do *that*, because tubs of other materials are not invariably to be met with in some beautiful and hospitable countries.

\* \* \*

As Mr. Henry James has been mentioning in the *Fortnightly Review*, the author of *La Maison Tellier* seems to have an extremely acute sense of smell, at least of disagreeable smells.

His novels are full of references to odours, which, for some wise purpose, are allowed to exist, but which are seldom talked of, and still more rarely paraded in literature. In this quality or privilege, M. Guy de Maupassant differs from Sir Walter Scott. Though that novelist 'commonly saw the hare first' when men were coursing, Lockhart assures us that he almost wholly lacked the sense of smell. He could not even tell when a bottle of wine was corked. Perhaps the scientific criticism of the future, which we expect from America, will begin by studying an author's complement of physical senses. One could do without the sense of smell in literature, apparently, to judge by the cases of Sir Walter and M. Guy de Maupassant.

\* \* \*

There seems to have been a lively little controversy in America about *ballades* and Mr. Stedman, and our notable need of a lot of bloodshed and revolution to improve our poetry. A writer in a Philadelphia paper observes, as I had ventured to do, that he does not see how American poetry has benefited by all the crises of the war. It is weak and imitative, he says. A number of other gentlemen, whose names are unfamiliar to me, actually went so far as to hold a kind of meeting, and say severe things about triolets, and Mr. Austin Dobson, and this humble but not altogether heart-broken singer. Mr. Edgar Fawcett came out very strong indeed, and so did several other sportsmen, whose expectations are high, and whose characters seem to be earnest. Ah, gentlemen, if I had epics, and lyrics like Homer's and Shelley's, to give you (I say *give*, in the present state of the law of copyright), how gladly would I produce those sterling articles. But the Muse made me a cicala, not a swan of Cayster (if you happen to know where *that* is), nor a Theban eagle. Let me chirp 'when so dispo-  
goged;' you need not buy the chirps, nor is it actually necessary that you should imitate them on penny whistles, as some of you are kind enough to do in the small print at the tails of the American magazines. We sell but a thin liquor, we ballademongers, a kind of *Asti spumante*, not very stimulating even when it has 'a head on,' and quite *fade* when poured into other bottles. If you don't like it stick to your native Boker, and your bevy of lady poets.

\* \* \*

Talking of poetry, the Glasgow correspondent who sends some of his own and would like an opinion on it, is informed, with

candid regrets, that it is not of a very valuable quality, as far as my poor opinion goes, either in manner or matter. Correspondents will also be good enough to note that in future I cannot undertake to return, or to offer any opinion about their lay, or their eclogue, or their ditty. Send them to Editors of Magazines ye worthy poetic correspondents, and, if nobody will buy them, you may reasonably conclude that they are (as Mr. George Borrow's publisher said of all poetry) 'a drug in the market.'

\* \* \*

That the Scotch Muse, sonsie lass, may not feel sair hadden doon, here follows a little fairy ballad for which I have to thank her. A 'ferlie' and a fairy seem practically much the same thing, at least when 'True Thomas lay on Huntley Bank, and spied a ferlie wi' his 'ee,' the 'ferlie' proved to be no one less than 'The Fairy Queen Proserpina,' so sweetly sung by Campion, in Mr. Bullen's 'More Lyrics from Elizabethan Song-Books.'

#### MÄRCHEN.

A ferlie cam' ben to me yestreen,  
A lady jimp an' sma',  
Wi' a milk-white snood an' a kirtle green;  
Yellow an' bricht were her bonny e'en,  
An' she said 'Will ye come awa'?

'Will ye gang wi' me to the Elfin knowe  
To milk our Queenie's coo?'  
'Na, na,' quo' I, 'I maun shear my sheep,  
I've my barn to bigg, an' my corn to reap,  
Sae I canna come the noo.'

The ferlie skirled as she turned to gae,  
For an angry elf was she,  
'O a wilfu' man maun hae his way,  
An' I mak' sma' doot but ye'se rue the day  
That ye wouldna gang wi' me.'

'O once again will ye speir at me,  
An' I'll aiblins come awa'?'  
'O I'll come again to your yetts,' quo' she,  
'When broom blaws bricht on yon rowan tree,  
An' the laverock sings i' th' snaw.'

G. R. T.

\* \* \*



What are the limits of fairness in buying 'bargains' in the matter of curiosities and antiquities? The Hindoos appear to hate all bargain-hunters, if we may judge by the story of the Rat who married the Princess, which, I think, may be found in the collection of Mr. Lal Behari Day. Snuffy Davy, in the *Antiquary*, was thought to sail rather near the wind in buying valuable books cheap from ignorant booksellers. But on the two occasions when I fancied I had won too great a bargain in old books, the vendors declined to accept a penny beyond the stipulated price. On the other hand, in an Italian town, an amateur lately bought a teapot for ten francs which was worth five hundred. Next day the seller came and, shedding salt tears, asked to have the bargain cancelled. The purchaser declined, which seems decidedly unsportsmanlike, as the seller was poor. M. Paul Lacroix once bought the copy of the original editions of *Tartuffe*, which had belonged to Louis XIV., for two francs. He gave it away, on the same day, to M. Ambrose Didot, on condition that it should not be re-bound, but wear the old brown calf, and Royal arms. Next day the vendor came and clamoured to M. Paul Lacroix that the book was about 1,998 francs too cheap. M. Lacroix said he had given it away; the *bouquiniste* hurried to M. Didot, but that amateur would not do anything for him. So says an article which I read lately—I think in *Le Livre*. When M. Lacroix himself published the story he did not mention the demand of the bookseller.

\* \* \*

A harder case still is reported in an Italian watering-place. A lady (English) bought for a few sous, from a fisherman, two large shells, conchological character not described. In one of them she found three large black pearls, which she sold for a considerable sum to a jeweller in Rome. To the fisherman from whom she had bought the shells she gave exactly 'nuppence,' as the sum is called by childish arithmeticians. This was a little like the case of buying an old piece of furniture and finding a purse of gold in the drawer. To whom does the gold belong? To the buyer, the seller, the Crown, the lord of the manor? I know not, but I hope we would all restore it to the person who had the oldest interest in the piece of furniture. These are temptations, happily, into which mankind is rarely led.

\* \* \*

The following rhymes were written before I knew that *ballades*, above all *ballades en guise de Rondeau*, cried from the ground, and clamoured for Heaven's vengeance against ballade-mongers. It is not easy to write poetry in foreign hotels while an Italian is twangling his mercenary mandoline below the window as if he were Blondel and I were the Lion-heart. The kind singers who occasionally tip me a stave are sundered from the *Ship* by roaring seas, and dozens of *Douanes*, where they actually make you pay as much for a box of cigarettes as you gave for it in Pall Mall. Rhymes from M. K. or W. E. H. would be contraband, I daresay, and would be charged at a hideous ransom in this fairy land of Italy. The lowering skies and the peculiarly cold sour smell of the sweet country (M. Guy de Maupassant may analyse the odour) do not predispose me to lift up my voice in minstrelsy, so, as this old *ballade* is handy, let it take its chance with Mr. Edgar Fawcett and the other critics who held a meeting about poetry, and ended by squabbling about religion! Oh, Anglo-Saxon Race, how earnest thou art, and how little success attends thy Transatlantic efforts to hold Courts of Song!

\* \* \*

### TOUT FINIT PAR DES CHANSONS.

(*Ballade en guise de Rondeau.*)

All ends in song! Dame Nature toiled  
 In stellar space, by land, by sea,  
 And many a monstrous thing she spoiled,  
 And many another brought to be;  
 Strange brutes that sprawled, strange stars that flee,  
 Or flare the steadfast signs among:  
 What profit thence—to you or me?  
 All ends in song!

All ends in song! But Nature moiled  
 And brought forth Man, who deems him free,  
 Who dreams 'twas his own hand embroiled  
 The tangles of his destiny:  
 Who fashioned empires,—who but he,—  
 Who fashioned gods, a motley throng:  
 They fall, they fade by Time's decree,—  
 All ends in song!

All ends in song! We strive, are foiled,  
 Are broken-hearted,—even we:  
 Where that old sinful snake is coiled  
 We shake the knowledgeable tree,  
 We listen to the serpent's plea,  
 'As Gods shall ye know Right and Wrong,'—  
 And *this* is all the mystery,—  
 'All ends in song!'

*Envoy.*

Muse, or in sooth or mockery,  
 Or brief of days, or lasting long,  
 Our love, or hate, or gloom, or glee  
 All ends in song!

\* \* \*

Travellers who have found it hard to win at Trente et Quarante will probably try to recoup themselves by backing their fancy in the Italian lottery. An infallible plan for winning has been communicated to me by a learned Florentine, but I forget some of the details. After incantations, which you can get up for yourself in Petrus de Abano, you have a little dinner for two laid on Christmas Eve or the eve of St. John. One of the plates must be blackened with smoke on the bottom. You sit down, and utter Aves and Pater Nosters till the door flies open, and in rushes Saint Pasquale somebody (I forget his highly respectable family name). He is dressed all in red, and fetches you two swinging boxes on the ear, for he is angry at being summoned from Paradise. As he is doing this you hand him the plate with the smoked bottom, on which he writes a *terno* of numbers with his finger. You plank your bottom dollar on the *terno*, and (if the Government pays up) you are a made man. This is only a rough sketch of how to win?—I have discovered no other way. The lottery is a beneficent institution. Nobody wins perhaps, but everybody expects to win, and lives in happy dreams of purchasing steam yachts and of existing in idleness and opulence. Thus the lottery is a *Paradis Artificiel*; we have only the Turf in England, and to expect to succeed in spotting winners demands more faith than the general public has at its disposal.

\* \* \*

The picture galleries will be opening when this appears, and men, my brethren—art critics—will be padding the weary hoof

through the Grosvenor, the Academy, the New Gallery. Hard is their lot, and weary will be their eyes, but perhaps even the most modern Academicians are less fatiguing than the Umbrian school. His Italian Majesty has a corps called Bersaglieri, who wear sou'-westers and cocks' feathers, and are said to be very athletic and enduring. No severer physical trial than a couple of miles of Luca Signorelli can be imposed on those devoted men; if they survive it they are made field marshals, I believe. But it is too rough on a mere visitor who is nothing less than athletic, and to such I would humbly recommend total abstinence from Early Italian Art. 'When in doubt play gold-leaf' was the maxim of the early schools, and the effect becomes monotonous after the first fifteen laps or so in a moderate-sized gallery. One begins to pine for a Herbert, a Frith, an unaffected Horsley, or an elaborately finished Whistler, with all the *impastu* of this master. It is only in England that we can expect to find these.

A. LANG.

### *The 'Donna.'*

THE EDITOR begs to acknowledge the receipt of the following contributions. Amounts received after April 13 will be acknowledged in the June number.

J. B. E. 1*l*. E. W. Pink 10*s*. Mrs. Everett Green 5*l*. A. B. 3*s*. Isla 3*s*. 6*d*. H. D. and Friend 10*s*. J. D. 2*s*. 6*d*. Lovell Heath 1*s*. 6*d*. General G. S. Macbean 1*l*. Well-wisher at Sidmouth 10*s*. Anon. (Elmdon, Saffron Walden) 1*s*. K. L. 7*s*. 6*d*. E. M. 1*s*. E. C. T. (second donation) 5*s*. Mr. Moss 5*s*. E. Wilson 2*s*. M. E. C. 5*s*. Mr. de Freville 20*s*. Mary and Alice Leigh 5*s*. Mrs. Godley 5*l*. (2*l*. for 'Donna,' 3*l*. for Workroom). Dindur 5*s*. Anon. 1*s*. A Family (Adelaide) 3*l*. 3*s*. J. F. L. 2*l*. 2*s*. L. C. 10*s*. E. H. 10*s*. W. B. Leigh, a Parcel of Clothing.

The following sums have been sent direct to the Sisters, who desire the Editor to acknowledge them:—

Offertory, per Rev. G. Heathcote, 1*l*. 2*s*. C. C. D., Scraps for Workroom, and 3*s*. M. S. (Donna) 10*s*. J. Latchmore, Esq. 2*s*. 6*d*. Mrs. Lewis (Workroom) 3*s*. M. A. B. (Workroom) 3*s*. Anon. (Workroom) 1*s*. 6*d*. Miss Wintle (Donna) 5*s*. B. N. R. Scraps for Workroom, and 3*s*. 6*d*. Avonol (Donna) 1*s*. 6*d*. J. Bell, Esq. (Donna) 1*l*. 'A Reader of LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE,' Old Clothes. 'A Reader of LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE' (Donna) 1*s*.

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*The Editor of LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE,  
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**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.**—Vice Chancellor Sir W. PAGE WOOD stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE was UNDOUBTEDLY the INVENTOR of CHLORODYNE, that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say it had been sworn to. —See *The Times*, July 13th, 1884.

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From SYMES & Co., Pharmacochemical Chemists, Simla, Jan. 5, 1880.

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